FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

Fit "TripleX" -and be safe ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY do

THE SPHERE, SEPTEMBER 18, 1937
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE." 1/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CL
No. 1965
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC
SEPT. 18
1937

DINNEFORD'S

Fluid Magnesia

Magnesia Tablets

It is more than a hundred years since, at the request of the medical profession, DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA was first produced. Ever since, it has been universally recommended by doctors and nurses, and remains unsurpassed as the safe, sure, and gentle remedy for Acidity, Constipation and digestive troubles. Now DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA is available in Tablets as well as the original Pure Fluid. The tablets are suitable for all adults and children of 5 years and over.

Eat what you please and digest it with ease!

At all events

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S
Scotch Ale
ON DRAUGHT OR IN BOTTLE
BREWED IN EDINBURGH

The Secret of a Sidecar Cocktail

IS THE
COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England
IN IT

The Well Balanced Liqueur!

SPINK Cash Buyers of FINE JEWELS · DIAMONDS
ANTIQUE & MODERN SILVER
5,6,&7, KING ST., ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1. *Estd.* 1772. Telephone: Whitehall 5275 (5 lines)

Grant's Scotch Whisky
"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

HALT FOR A ★★★
HENNESSY
BRANDY
PREFERRED FOR CLEAN FLAVOUR

VICHY-CÉLESTINS
The world-renowned **NATURAL** *Mineral Water*
FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM
Drink it at Meals and during the day

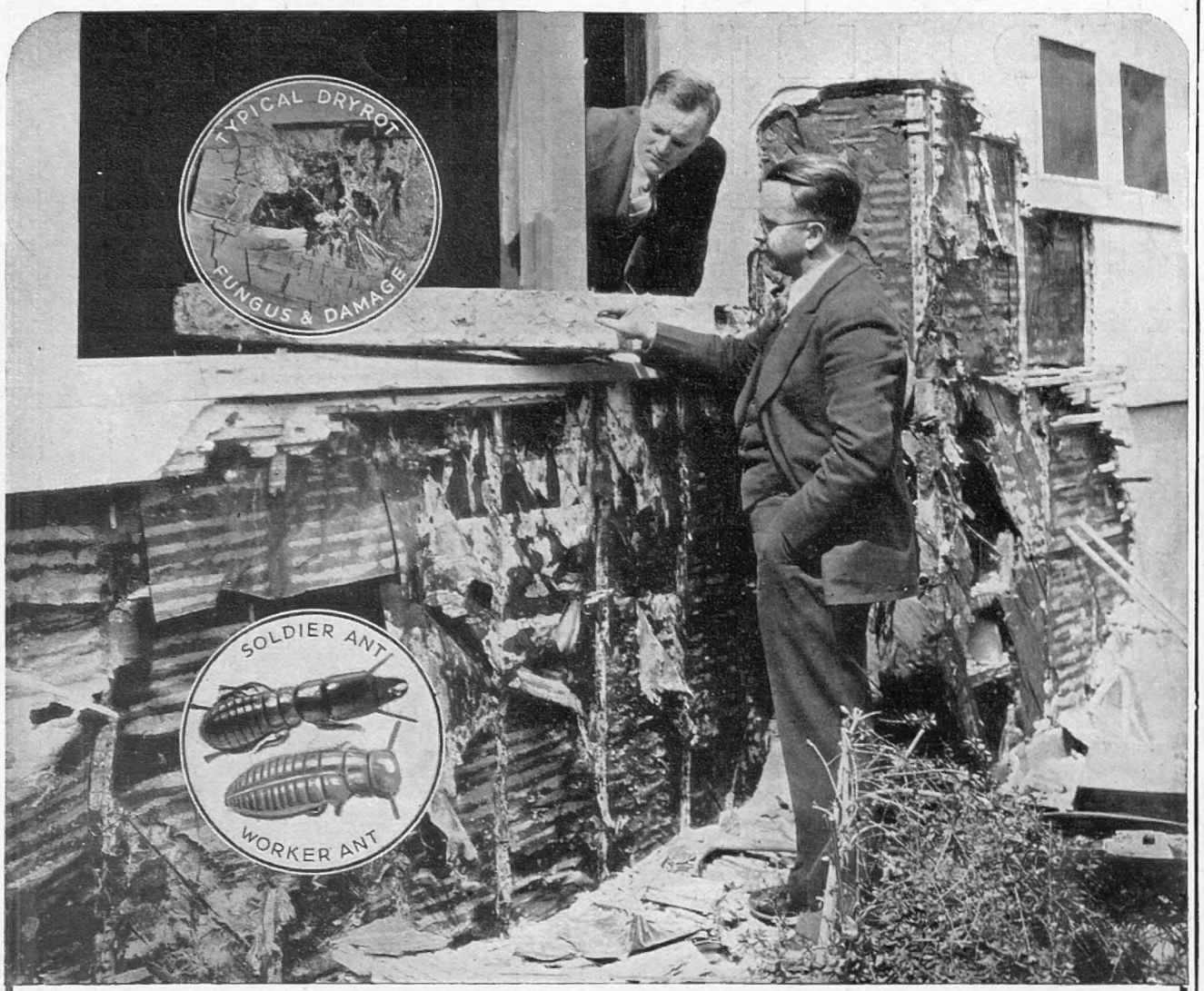
SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 70, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1

PRICE ONE SHILLING REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM Office: 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4



THIS typical illustration shows the damage that Dry Rot and Insect Pests can do to good sound timber when it is not adequately protected by a genuine wood preservative. Solignum Wood Preserving Stain would have prevented this damage.

The protective qualities of Solignum are such that White Ants and other pests will not attack, and Dry Rot spores cannot exist on, timber that has been treated with Solignum Wood Preservative. It is far cheaper to see that all timber is thoroughly protected with Solignum, than to pay the heavy cost of renewals and replacements of timber that has become useless and dangerous through the lack of this necessary protection. Time, the only real test, has proved how essential it is that Solignum should be used. Substitutes always fail.

WOOD PRESERVING STAIN **SOLIGNUM** & WHITE ANT DESTROYER

SOLE MAKERS & PROPRIETORS: SOLIGNUM LIMITED, 205 BOROUGH HIGH STREET, LONDON, S.E.1

BY APPOINTMENT

● A new kind of sock. Self-supporting. No suspenders needed. The special patented design with a top band containing Lastex yarn does the trick. They can't come down. They don't let you down. No drag, no tightness round the leg. From 4/6. Obtainable from: Army and Navy Stores, Austin Reed, Colletts, Fortnum and Mason, Gieves, Harrods, Hawes & Curtis, Meakers, Morgan and Ball, Selfridge's, Simpsons, John Barkers, Bentalls of Kingston, etc.

TENOVA
self-supporting socks

Patent No. 323427. Reg. Design 748974.

Tenova Ltd., 157-161 Regent Street, London, W.1. Regent 2424.

"No cold for four years"

"I used to suffer dreadfully from colds, but have not had one for four years, entirely due to using Vapex. I advise all my patients and friends to use it."

B.S., Burnham-on-Sea.

Follow this good example and keep free from colds summer and winter. Keep Vapex handy — ready for use immediately you feel a cold developing. Breathe the vapour. Vapex destroys the germs in nose and throat, and soon the incipient cold is gone.

VAPEX TRADE MARK INHALANT

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V.147 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

Further Outlook...

Clearer vision and greater detail when you use the

VEDET

Featherweight Pocket Prism

TELESCOPE

Add this powerful prismatic monocular to your kit when holiday-making, hiking, motoring, etc. Weighs only 7 ozs. and is therefore conveniently carried on all occasions. Magnification 8 diameters, 4 ins. in length, easily focussed. For power and quality the "Vedet" is equal to a high-powered prism binocular. Illustrated brochure giving full details free on request.

£3.17.6

complete in soft leather case with sling

W. WATSON & SONS LTD
313, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON, PERTH, SCOTLAND.

NEW SUITS FOR OLD.

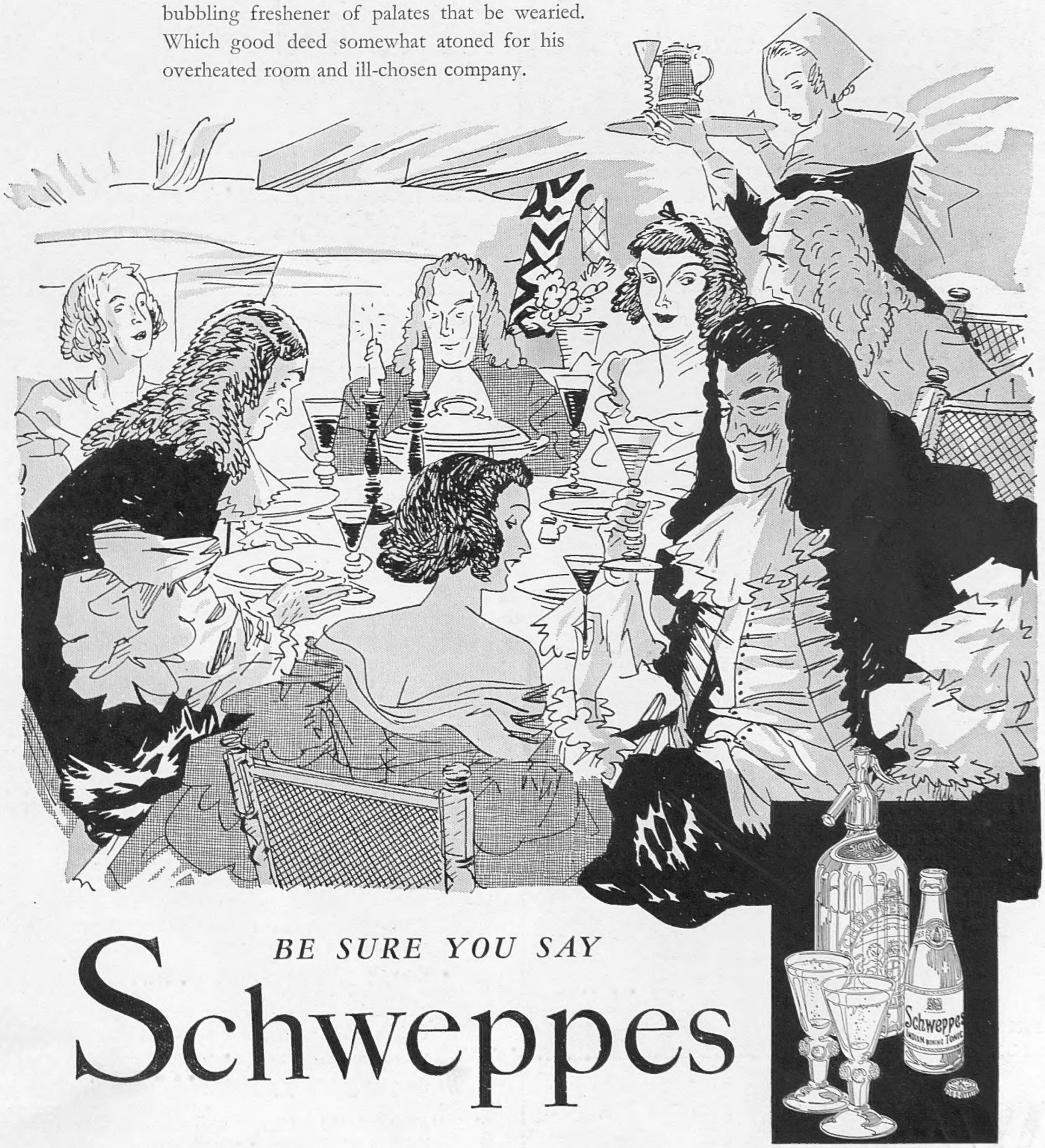
Send us your favourite suit and we will copy it in one of our "John Peel" Cumberland Tweeds. Prices from 97/6 suit — 57/6 jacket. Send for patterns and particulars.

REDMAYNES
60, WIGTON, CUMBERLAND

Private CASH Advances
By W. H. DURHAM LIMITED,
14, Clifford Street, London, W.1. Est. 1913.
£50 to £5,000
Without Security.

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

SEPT. *1ST* This evening came Mr. and Mrs Falconer who fetched us to their house in Chelsey. A prodigious clamour of guests, and their friends proved little to my taste save a pretty, well-carriaged woman with a fine hand, beside whom I contrived at last to place myself. The repast scanty, and the game-pie contained no game, only bones of rabbits. Yet Mr. Falconer showed more sense than I thought he had, in proffering us Schweppes Tonic, a brave clean drink, a brisk and bubbling freshener of palates that be wearied. Which good deed somewhat atoned for his overheated room and ill-chosen company.



BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

FOR AUTUMN OUT-OF-DOORS

A Glimpse of Warings New Collection

"Country Life"
An easy fitting, full-length swagger coat in a beautiful multi-coloured tweed. One of a number of winning styles in our new selection o the famous "Country Life" Wear. Average fitting. GNS 7½

The "House" Suit
For indoors *and* outdoors there's nothing smarter this Autumn than the tailored "house" suit. This example is in rough-surfaced woollen material. Purple, Midnight Blue, Rust, Nigger, Navy, or Black. Sizes SSW, SW, W. GNS 5

Hats from Warings Millinery Dept

WARINGS NEW FASHION BOOK SENT ON REQUEST

WARINGS

WARING & GILLOW (1932) LTD OXFORD STREET LONDON W1

WORLD CRUISE

24th JAN. 1938

The triple-screw steamer
"RELIANCE"
will leave Villefranche (Nice) on the 24th January, visiting 29 countries and 39 Ports, arriving at New York on the 25th May

FARES FROM £387
INCLUDING STANDARD SHORE EXCURSIONS & RETURN FROM NEW YORK TO SOUTHAMPTON

Apply: WM H. MÜLLER & CO. (LONDON) LTD.
66/68 Haymarket, London, S.W.1, or usual Agents

90 YEARS' EXPERIENCE ON ALL SEVEN SEAS MAKE "HAPAG" THE HAPPIEST CRUISES UNDER THE SUN

HAPAG

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

There is more in

WEST-END TAILORING

than the price . . .

At our establishment we stock only the FINEST QUALITY material it is possible to obtain; most of our patterns are EXCLUSIVE and especially made for us.

. . . do you get this from your present tailor?

Our suits are CUT INDIVIDUALLY for each customer by cutters who are personalities in the West-End tailoring world, men who do not consider a suit just another sale . . .

do you get this service from your present tailor?

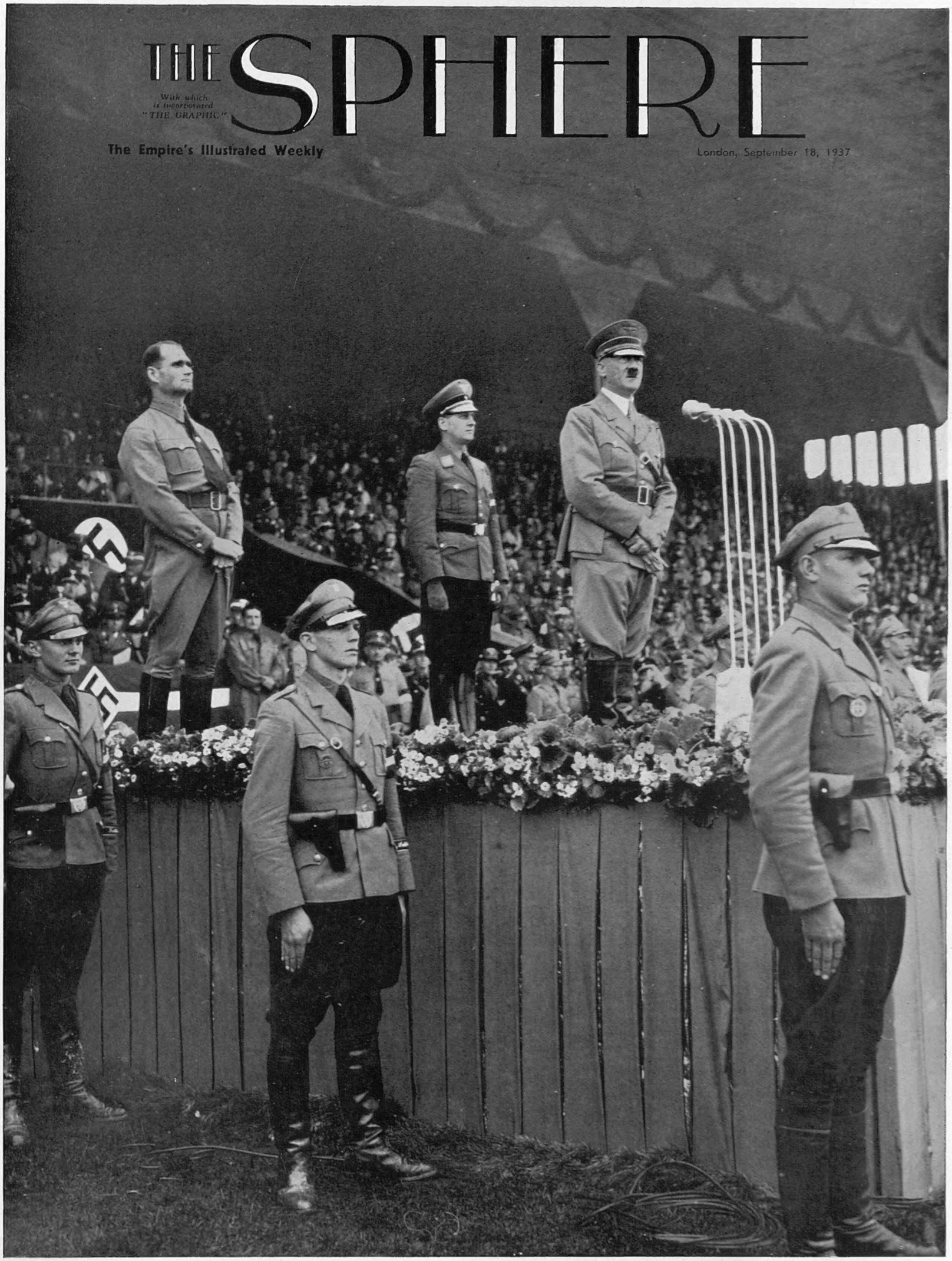
You can be sure that the clothes we cut are MADE UP by West-End craftsmen with needle and thread, working ON THE PREMISES under the personal direction of the cutter who created the garment . . .

do you get this finish from your present tailor?

AND FINALLY OUR 10-GN. SUITS PROVE THAT WEST-END PRICES NEED NOT BE EXORBITANT.

Bernard Weatherill Ltd
55 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1
81 Cannon Street, E.C.4 BIRMINGHAM: 11 Bennetts Hill
also Branches at Ascot, Aldershot and Camberley

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, September 18, 1937



THE FÜHRER'S CALL TO NAZI YOUTH

Herr Hitler Addressing 53,000 boys and girls in the great stadium at Nuremberg during the Annual Party Rally

The National Socialist Party Congress at Nuremberg—the apotheosis of Nazi chauvinism—has come to be regarded in the past few years as the outstanding event in the German Calendar. For in this one week of the fifty-two a regimented nation rallies to acclaim, to hear, and to parade before its leaders, to demonstrate in fact its loyalty to the new regime and all for which it stands. It is a week of accounting, too, in which the makers of the Third Reich examine the results of twelve months' work and outline their aspirations for the future. Review succeeds review and conference succeeds conference with almost breathtaking rapidity. Nuremberg, in the Bavarian cradle of Nazism, is for these seven days the focal point of the nation, the city's population swollen for the occasion far beyond its normal size, its pavements thronged from morning to midnight with uniformed Storm Troopers, S.S. Guards, and men of the Labour Service. Last Saturday, the Chancellor, as depicted here, addressed 48,000 boys and 5,000 girls in the big stadium, calling upon them to serve the nation faithfully, to make sacrifices, to eschew pleasure, and to fit themselves "not only for sunny days but also for stormy weather." Standing behind the Führer as he spoke were Rudolf Hess (bareheaded), his deputy, and Baldur von Schirach, who is responsible for all youth activity (see also pages 444 and 445)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

QUEEN MARY IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE: Her Majesty, who has been staying at Althorp House as the guest of Earl and Countess Spencer, pictured during her visit to the Great Brington church fête which she toured in company with her host (left) and the rector. Owing to her presence enormous crowds attended and the function brought a big addition to the church funds. Queen Mary has since gone to Yorkshire to pay her annual call on the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood at Harewood House

BRINGING OFF THE DOUBLE: Mr. C. E. Gardner receiving the trophy from Lord Swinton, the Air Minister, after winning the King's Cup Air Race last Saturday for the second year in succession. He flew a Percival Mew Gull and covered the course at an average speed of 233·7 m.p.h. All the competitors who were left in the race for the last run home from Cardiff crossed the line at Hatfield within 20 mins. of the winner, but he himself had a clear lead of 2½ mins. after overhauling eight opponents on the way. Sixty-three-year-old Brigadier-General Lewin was second

A LONDON

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.

Wednesday, September 18, 1937.

PICKING UP THE THREADS.

—A holiday justifies itself (and its cost) if it afford a keen pleasure when it is over and one returns home. It is very pleasant to stay with one's friends and to shoot or listen to their grouses, if any. But it is pleasant also to be back among one's own things—books and flowers and interests—to see the late roses blooming, the dahlias blushing, and the Michaelmas daisies just coming out, to unpack for the autumn and to gather up again the reins. What has been happening while I have been away? The small, important history of my own home has been unfolded, but it is more difficult to follow the events of the world outside. Since I went away, Japan has slipped into a major war with China and the end of it and the implications of extension are obscure and serious. That sane elements on either side dreaded it and sought to avert a major conflict is clear. Japan was launched into the long, expensive, and appallingly doubtful venture by the deliberate provocation of her hot-heads. The *casus belli* was the murder of a Japanese naval officer near Shanghai on August 9, and no opportunity was given to China to investigate the affair. As a direct result of the incident Japan's 3rd fleet landed a big force of marines in the International Settlement and demanded that China should clear all her military effectives out of Shanghai. China made the only possible reply by moving up another division to defend the territory and so began a major war which has since developed in bitter fighting on a wide front. Shanghai is only a side issue. The war in the North is likely to be a long and terrible struggle of great armies, with the issue constantly delayed by weather conditions. It does not seem that there can be any decisive turn until winter holds up large scale operations. The Far Eastern trouble will be still a major handicap to world peace and trade rehabilitation in 1938, and the blockade—gigantic undertaking—must no doubt produce "incidents" of a kind we have experienced all too often near Spanish ports. And, next, this Mediterranean piracy. In the wilds of the Highlands I entirely missed its origin. One day it became a word on every tongue. One day a series of minor incidents spread over months grew into an organised policy of piracy whereby the open sea of the Mediterranean was no longer free for the peaceful trading of neutral ships. Who the chief aggressors may be is still obscure to me. At the International Council table one names this nation and one that. What is clear is that Britain and France and certain other Mediterranean Powers clearly felt that the problem was one to be separated from political issues and by no means to be added to the list of contentious matters arising from the civil war in Spain. It was a question for experts, not for diplomats—this extermination of pariahs, this straightening-out of a public thoroughfare, and this cleaning-up of footpads. But Germany and Italy refused to see it in that light. In their hatred and fear of Russia and Communism they refused to be parties to an outside investigation by all neutrals concerned and were only willing to refer the issue to the Non-intervention Committee, and to make the question another controversial issue of the civil war. So there the matter rests at the moment. The Nyon Conference went forward without the assistance of two Great Powers vitally concerned. The Mediterranean is now parcelled out into areas of patrol and Britain and France must do the work allotted to Italy, if Italy decides to stand out.

LEAGUE OF SANE NATIONS.—

The exigencies of Party politics and the changes and chances of international politics never surely produced a more astonishing paradox than this, that the British Labour Party, after a year of unreasoning opposition to the National Government's rearmament programme, has come out strong for whole-hog rearmament. Its new criticism of the Government must be that it has been half-hearted in the great need—the strengthening and modernising of every arm of the fighting services. Six months ago the Government's rearmament policy was a senseless squandering of resources earmarked by Commonsense and Humanity for social reforms. To-day that policy is the flabbiness and blindness of men who cannot see the dangers of force which threaten to destroy us. "A strong Britain is an invaluable asset for world peace"—yesterday that was a Government slogan labelled as Junker and Capitalist hypocrisy by Socialists. To-day it is the strong plank in the Socialist platform. How has this volte-face been achieved? By Socialism's hatred and terror of Fascism in all its forms. Mussolini, Hitler, and Franco are Socialism's public enemies Nos. 1, 2, and 3, and the prospect of a Fascist Spain is a red-light of danger and a red-rag of vexation. But the Labour Party leaders are not blind to the paradox. A sudden reappearance in the role of Jingo must be avoided if only to spare the feelings of the genuine pacifists of the party, if only to prevent the burst of Homeric laughter from the watching world. The corpse of the League must be disinterred and reclothed to play its part on the political stage. It must come forth from the grave and take evidence as of old from nations with a grievance and nations with aspirations. But the old clothes won't do. The coloured shirt will hardly suit the dignity of the new Recorder. The League must be reformed, purged of any remaining Fascist elements and must in truth be nothing more impartial than an overwhelmingly strong and heavily armed bloc of nations alive to and opposed to the menace of Fascism and Fascist dictatorship. If there be any sense of honour and sense of humour left in British politics there can be no going back on that. And if there be no going back, then, when October comes, there will be interest ahead for students of politics; interest to observe the trend of Opposition criticism in Parliament, interest to watch the reactions of some of Labour's former leaders and protagonists and supporters.

THE DILEMMA.—

I was reminded the other day of an instance of the wit of Mr. Charles Morgan. He was at the first night of a new play which bored him. The conventional plot revealed a destitute widow with an only son, pestered by the dishonourable attentions of a wealthy Don Juan. "Faced with the awful dilemma of a life worse than death for herself or a school worse than Eton for her son, she hesitated no longer than convention demanded to accept the wealthy baronet's protection." Such was his summing-up of the play, to a friend in the stalls. In the eyes of all moral citizens (save a few die-hard Old Etonians) one horn of this dilemma, ethically considered, is not so sharp as t'other—and in that fact lies the wit and pith of the quotation. It is perhaps on the horns of dilemmas as ethically unsound as these that the Labour party has been so long hoist in defining its attitude to disarmament, and that Italy and Germany have been hoist in making clear their attitude to the various European complications which have arisen out of the Spanish civil war. In politics, whether local or party or international, there are more considerations than the ethical to be weighed before a right decision can be arrived at. The troubles of Europe—and they seem to me to be graver than when I started my holidays—are largely due to the fact that standards of morality are constantly subordinated to political and economic considerations by the nations in council.

THE QUEEN'S FATHER OPENS FORFAR'S MEMORIAL PARK: The Earl of Strathmore and Mrs. John S. Boyle—the donor—walking through the grounds after the inauguration ceremony. Following them are Lady Rose Leveson-Gower, elder sister of the Queen, the Dowager Countess of Airlie, and Provost Graham

SPANISH TREASURES.—

It was the greatest consolation to me (and no trifling thrill) to read of the measures taken by the Spanish

NEWSLETTER

Government to preserve from destruction the great masterpieces of art scattered throughout the cities and villages under its control. No doubt both sides are alive to the importance of saving from further destruction these invaluable heirlooms which mean so much, so increasingly much, to the prosperity and popularity of European countries. Spain has been a Mecca of pilgrims in search of artistic beauty for generations and the setting up once more of these shrines must be a first step to her ultimate remaking. Much has been lost. The brutality and senselessness of war have destroyed some of the world's glories in architecture and paintings. There are pictures, relics, missals, and manuscripts beyond price, which will never be seen again; some have been stolen, some burned, and many injured. It is certain that, perhaps a century hence, one by one "lost" masterpieces will turn up and the history of their lost years will be traced back to the troubles of the civil war. For us, it is a comfort to know that from the beginning of 1937, at least, the leaders on either side were alive to the importance of saving from the barbarity of war these proofs of human sanity and preserving for posterity much happy evidence of man's creative genius. In an orgy of iconoclasm there are sane men at work, who can see beyond the present turmoil the inevitable awakening.

MALCOLM CAMPBELL TRAVELS.—Sir Malcolm Campbell at the age of fifty-two holds the speed record for land and water. On the water he admits himself a novice. He drove his car at 301 m.p.h. and his speed boat on Lake Maggiore at 129.500 m.p.h., thus beating the American Gar Wood's record of 124 m.p.h. His *Bluebird* is just under 24 ft. long, with a beam of 9 ft. and is fitted with a Rolls Royce aero engine developing 2,300 h.p.; the fabric is of mahogany and elm, sheathed in metal alloy. It is curiously enough "ballasted" with ping pong balls to the number of 35,000. These lend buoyancy and perhaps a sense of security except in the event of fire. As the dial quivered beyond the world's record, the strain on man and machine became intolerable, pipes burst and heart and lungs reached bursting point, and the novice gave Britain one more record. And now the Yanks are on the war path again. Gar Wood, stung into renewed activity, is tuning up his *Miss America* with her four engines which develop four times as much horse power as *Bluebird*. The world will not be a very satisfactory place until men can fly at 700 m.p.h., drive at 400 m.p.h. and cross a lake at 200 m.p.h. Then perhaps we may find it a place fit for heroes to live in. Then at last we shall perhaps keep level with our day's engagements.

CRICKET AS SHE IS PLAYED.—County Cricket went out like a guttering candle with a bad odour. At the end of the Surrey v. Middlesex match at Lord's—a match of no statistical importance to either side at that stage—Surrey's captain, Holmes, bowled a series of wide balls to the boundary in order to secure the right to bowl with a new ball—a right exercised after every 200 runs are scored during a match. A new ball of course enables certain types of bowlers to produce fireworks which are impossible with a ball worn smooth. What Holmes did has been often done before, sometimes with protest, sometimes not. At Lord's it met with protests which had real ill-feeling behind them. And rightly; Holmes is a great sportsman, a leader and a man of independent mind who does not as a rule treat cricket as a religion but as a game. He is the captain of a great side and might be captain of England. That he should have done what he did when he did it, vividly shows the pass to which a great game has been brought by overmuch concern with statistical positions. We have Americanised our great game and encouraged slickness at the expense of sportsmanship. Some one suggested that the remedy against this particular form of slickness would be to lower the run aggregate to 150 from 200. No remedy could be more foolish, not only because it condones the fault but because it increases the opportunities for committing it. The remedy lies in vesting the decision for a change of ball in the umpires after periodic inspections. There is not the faintest reason why a new ball should be substituted at a fixed score.

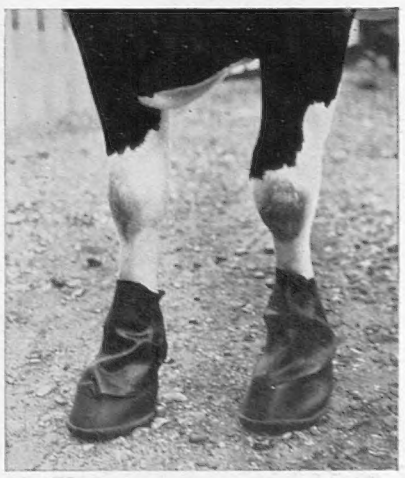
ENGLAND A CENTURY HENCE.—If Sir Leonard Hill spoke truth to the sanitary inspectors in session in Brighton, he makes me regret that, despite all the care and efficiency of sanitary inspectors and engineers, I cannot hope to live another 100 years. A century hence (says he; and Sir William Beveridge has said ditto more than once), if the present trend of birth and death rates is maintained, our population in England and Wales will have fallen from 41,000,000 to 5,000,000. That last figure was about the number of human beings alive in England in say 1650. Gosh, what a privilege to be one of the survivors—to live in an England once more purged of queues, an England gone rustic again, its ribbon development mercifully covered once more with bracken and heather, its huge cities mere haunted Pompeiis; moss-grown, happy hunting grounds of squire-parson antiquaries. Its green belts and stadiums and playing fields the haunt of snipe and herons. Snipe once more in Berkeley Square among the marshes which will lie between the great stone mounds which were once luxury flats. For this dream, this idyll, what must we pay? We must yield, it seems, our political power and importance. We must be content to fall to the insignificance of Switzerland or Sweden. Our place at the International Conference table will be below the salt. France will not want us for an ally. Germany will not count us in her plans. Italy will not regard us as a rival in the Mediterranean. Our children's children will eat the labours of their hands in Arcady and if they will learn the lesson that all that glisters is not gold, their Arcady need be no man's Naboth's vineyard. There are worse fates than to fall to the level of Sweden or Switzerland. There are wise men now alive who may consider that in losing our present political power and influence we shall be parting with an unsubstantial shadow. But of course it will not do; the idyll must be averted. We must send our sanitary inspectors to Germany and to Italy to learn how to stimulate philoprogeniture. The race we are so feebly continuing is trained to stand only in a crowd. It would wilt in solitudes and turn giddy in an open space. There must be baby-bonuses, and Science must turn its attention to standardising quintuple birth—for the time is short and the sands are running out. There must be newer and more tremendous housing schemes; polygamy must be winked at and all surplus women must serve the State. Bigger families must be a foremost plank in every party platform lest England lose her political importance which has achieved so much for the betterment of civilisation since the war.

PATRICIA COUNTESS OF JERSEY MARRIES MR. ROBERT FILMER-WILSON: The bride and bridegroom at the reception at The Holme, Regent's Park, after their wedding last week at Caxton Hall Registry Office. The Countess only recently obtained a divorce, and her former husband has since married Virginia Cherrill, the Hollywood film actress

YOUTH HAS ITS FLING: Six-year-old Claude Miller and Thomas McIvor giving a demonstration of Highland dancing at Braemar Gathering which was held in sunny but windy weather last week and attended by the King and Queen who drove over from neighbouring Balmoral with the young Princesses. Many of Scotland's foremost athletes, dancers, and pipers competed as usual on this great day, in a never flagging succession of events

"THE COUNTRYMAN." — That jolly magazine, *The Countryman*, our distinguished contemporary, is published, I believe, in the heart of the country. But it does not blush unseen, and few of the publications of its type can claim such distinguished contributors as have helped to make up its reading matter in the current number. Among them are the Premier, the ex-Premier, and Mr. Bernard Shaw—and, better still, all three of them are in holiday mood. Mr. Chamberlain writes as a field-naturalist—his area of research a very small one, to wit, the rod, pole, or perch, which comprises the garden of No. 11, Downing Street, where he observed a fairly rare moth, and achieved a nest of blue tits, disguised by London soot as coal-tits. Mr. Baldwin put on the cloak of W. H. Hudson and wandered among byways near Oxford; and Mr. Shaw put on the photographer's black covering and gives some admirable photographic studies of cloud effects. Journals ever on the look out for distinguished contributors (and with their hooks ever richly baited) can rarely achieve so fine a basket as that. *The Countryman*, I make no doubt, had no need, if it had the will, to bait the hook. It is clear, fresh water with good feed, and the big fish swim willingly in.

THE OLD STAGER



FOOTNOTE—WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED COW WILL WEAR THIS SEASON: These rubber goloshes have been designed by Messrs. Dunlop in order to prevent the spread of infection by cattle suffering from foot diseases. A similar experiment has been tried with sheep, and the result has done much to diminish farmers' losses

FROM THE WEE

THE PARIS BOMB OUTRAGES: The ruins of the headquarters of the Federation of French Industry in the rue de Presbourg, near the Arc de Triomphe, after the building had been wrecked by a time bomb. The headquarters of the French Ironmasters Association, in the rue Boissière, a few streets away, was destroyed in the same manner and, as a result, there has been a nation-wide hunt for the culprits, several hundreds of people having been cross-questioned by the police authorities. One theory propounded is that foreign anarchists or political agents were responsible

TWO POLICEMEN WERE FOUND DYING IN THIS WRECKAGE of the headquarters of the Federation of French Industry in the rue de Presbourg, Paris, after the building had been blown up by a time bomb. A wave of intense indignation swept over France when the news became known, supporters of the Left and Right wing parties combining in public utterances to condemn the unknown perpetrators of the outrage. M. Kling, Director of the Paris Municipal Laboratory, who is in charge of the technical investigation, believes that the explosive used was either melinite or trolite

THE NEW GERMAN NAVAL ATTACHÉ IN LONDON: Captain Siemens (centre), who has been appointed to this important diplomatic post in succession to the late Rear-Admiral Erwin Wassner, seen with Major Woodington of the Admiralty and Major Kitschmann of the German Embassy who went to greet him on arrival at Liverpool Street Station last Tuesday morning

HIGH "ENDEAVOUR" GOES UNREWARDED: Sir Ralph Gore with Mr. and Mrs. T. O. M. Sopwith (right) on board the *Queen Mary* on their return from the United States following their second unsuccessful challenge for the America's Cup, blue riband of the yachting world. *Endeavour II* was reported last Tuesday to be ready to leave Rhode Island with Mr. Sopwith's steam yacht, *Philante*, taking her in tow on her long homeward voyage

TALLULAH BANKHEAD WEDS: The one-time idol of London galleryites, who achieved such recognition in Noel Coward's *Fallen Angels*, Michael Arlen's *The Green Hat*, and other plays, pictured with her stage and screen actor-husband, John Emery, at their honeymoon retreat in Connecticut. They will shortly begin rehearsals for a Broadway production of *Antony and Cleopatra*

"THE SPHERE" INVITATION GOLF MEETING: Mr. Charles Snelling, one of the directors of Illustrated Newspapers, presenting "The Sphere" Challenge Cup to Mr. Godfrey Smith after his victory at the Sunningdale Club, Berkshire. The meeting took place in ideal weather conditions last Tuesday

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

GOOSE-STEPPING BEFORE THE LEADER: Just a few of the 38,000 men of the Labour Service Corps pictured with their highly-polished spades at the slope as they marched past Chancellor Hitler on the Zeppelin field at Nuremberg—one of the big moments of the Nazi party rally, which is described in detail by an eye-witness in the accompanying article. Every young German conscript has to belong to the Labour Service before spending his two years in the army, his work in this organisation including six hours of agricultural labour each day. The entire routine is patterned after that of a military camp from "Reveille" to "Taps," and the scheme is oriented towards promoting national self-sufficiency on the one hand and the defence programme on the other

STALWARTS OF THE NAZI REGIME: Dr. Goebbels, Minister for Propaganda, and People's Enlightenment, and General Göring (towards right), Air Minister and Prussian Premier, waiting for the Führer's arrival at the entrance to the Luitpoldhalle, where during the rally there were daily gatherings to hear pronouncements on questions of party policy

IN WRAPT ATTENTION: Chancellor Hitler sitting among his henchmen during the presentation of the National Prize for Art and Science which is usually made in Conference week. Sitting next to the Führer on the right are Herr Alfred Rosenberg, organiser of the National Socialist Community of Culture, Dr. Goebbels, Propaganda Minister, Herr Hess, Deputy Leader, and Field Marshal von Blomberg, Defence Minister. The last-named, although one of the most powerful men in Germany, is not a member of the Nazi party and naturally took only a spectator's part in the proceedings at Nuremberg

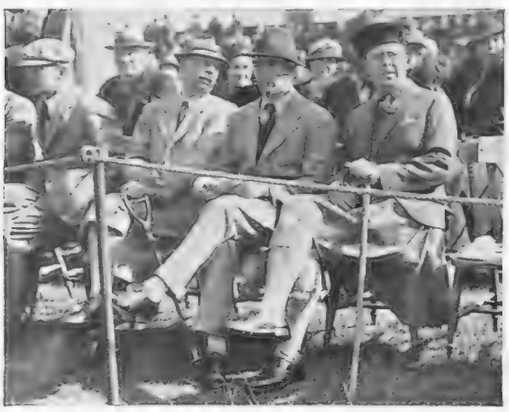
RIVERS OF FIRE: The crowning episode at Nuremberg as thousands of delegates marched through the streets of the city carrying aloft torches which, seen en masse, provided a spectacle that aroused the enthusiasm of the people packing the sidewalks. In this and other ways the Nazi leaders demonstrated to what an extent they have organised national life and to what a high pitch of efficiency they have now brought their "machine." Nuremberg has never been more crowded, the city's population being swollen to several times its normal size

ROYALTY ATTENDS HIGHLAND GAMES

The King and Queen Greeted by 30,000 People at the Braemar Gathering: Fifteen Thousand Spectators Present at Aboyne

COCK O' THE NORTH: The Marquess of Huntly (right), who was making his first appearance as chieftain, with Mr. Gordon Duncan (left) and Sir Malcolm Barclay Harvey (centre), M.P. for Kincardineshire, at the Aboyne Games, which were being held for the 66th time

THE ROYAL PARTY AT BRAEMAR: The Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair (left), Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, with the King and Queen, Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, and the Duchess of Gloucester (in background) after their arrival at the gathering. Their Majesties had driven over from Balmoral in an open carriage drawn by Windsor greys



A TRIO AT ABOYNE: Lord Glentanar, the Earl of Haddington, and Colonel Cunninghame, at this gathering which brought so many noted Scots to Deeside

THEY CAME IN THEIR THOUSANDS: Princess Royal Park, Braemar, during the progress of the games in which many of Scotland's foremost athletes, dancers, and pipers competed in a never-flagging succession of events. Cars were parked nine and ten deep round the enclosure, serving as impromptu grandstands for their owners. They arrived in such numbers that at 11 o'clock no more vehicles could be admitted, emergency parking places having to be found in and near the village

ON DEESIDE'S RED-LETTER DAY: Mr. Adrian Stronach (secretary of Aboyne games), the Marquess of Huntly, chieftain, Admiral Sir A. M. Farquhar, and Mr. Gordon Duncan, a member of the chieftain's house party

Last week all roads led to Deeside for the Highland gatherings. Braemar was specially honoured by the presence of the King and Queen, who drove over from neighbouring Balmoral, thus making one of the rare public appearances during their holiday. One of the principal events at Aboyne, where 15,000 people attended the sixty-sixth annual games, was the ceremony in memory of the late Lord Huntly, who was chieftain and one of the founders of the gathering. After a parade of pipes the spectators stood in silence while Mr. Malcolm Macpherson of Invershin mounted the platform in the arena and played a lament

PRELUDE TO THE GAMES: Pipers and drummers played stirring tunes as they circled the arena at Braemar before the start of the various contests. The day was one of sunshine, although a shower fell and a tearing wind swept across the Princess Royal Park during the latter part of the afternoon

A DONCASTER WHO'S WHO

A Gallery of Racing Folk Who Went North for the St. Leger Meeting and the Bloodstock Sales

WAITING FOR THE AUCTIONEER: Lady Maureen Stanley, whose white and black colours are well known to followers of racing, attended the Doncaster bloodstock sales with Lord Stavordale, the Earl of Ilchester's heir, and the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. The opening day did not produce very large prices

LADY STAVORDALE AND MRS. PHILIP DUNNE were two other enthusiastic followers of racing who attended the St. Leger meeting on the first day and witnessed the downfall of Mirza II in the Champagne Stakes, the Aga Khan's hitherto unbeaten two-year-old being accounted for by Sir Humphrey de Trafford's Portmarnock

SURVEYING THE RAW MATERIAL: Lady Mary Lygon, Mr. Philip Dunne, Lady Stavordale, the Hon. Peter Beatty (brother of the present Earl Beatty), and Mrs. W. V. Beatty, attended the first day of the sales but did not see any spectacular bidding of the Dorothy Paget order. Indeed the highest price was the 2,500 guineas paid by Mr. Day, the Newmarket trainer, for a Fairway colt

IN THE PADDOCK: Lord Harewood, one of the turf's most enthusiastic patrons and legislators, seen with Lady Digby and her daughter Lady Pamela Digby. Lord Harewood started the season well, but during the last month or so has been rather out of luck. He has his own very definite theories on breeding questions

LOOKING FOR WINNERS: *Left*—Lord Manton, whose horses race both on the flat and over the sticks, pictured on the course with Mrs. J. D. Player, who looked well in one of those off-the-forehead hats. *Right*—Lady Feversham and Lady Mary Dunn also attended the first day of the meeting which produced plenty of exciting racing, though nothing compared with the St. Leger itself

MORE RACING FOLK: *Left*—Prince Aly Khan, who shares his father's abounding enthusiasm for the turf was with Mrs. Euan Wallace whose husband is making such a name for himself in the political field. *Right*—Mr. and Mrs. Peter Penny

Society was well represented at last week's St. Leger meeting, many people having returned early from their holidays especially to be in time for this feast of racing and for the sales which are such a big feature of the week. Ideal weather and the excellence of the arrangements contributed in no small measure to the gathering's undoubted success

SHANGHAI IN THE GRIP OF CONFLICT: Chinese standing beside the barbed wire entanglements that have been flung across the Museum Bridge over the Soochow Creek in order to isolate the central portion of the International Settlement (in background), from the fighting area of Hongkew

HAVOC IN THE CHINESE QUARTER: A Shanghai street reduced to ruins by shell fire from Japanese warships in the Whangpoo River. Only one example of the appalling destruction that has been wrought in this mighty city of 1,000,000 inhabitants which bears the scars of many weeks of battle

REDUCED TO A SHAMBLES: The wrecked façade of the Wing-On Store, belonging to a wealthy Chinese merchant, after a shell had dropped in the busy Nanking Road, in Shanghai's International Settlement killing, at a conservative estimate, at least 100 people and severely injuring about 250 others

SHANGHAI'S STRICKEN PALACE HOTEL: An overhead view showing the great cavity in the roof of the building caused by a Chinese bomb which missed its mark—the Japanese warship, *Izumo*, lying in the neighbouring Whangpoo river. Faulty marksmanship on the part of the Chinese has resulted in several disasters of this description, but protests are in vain

JAPAN ST

IN the very midst of a city of less extent than, though for its area as densely populated and crowded with buildings as London, a concentrated battle involving every form of land, sea, and air arm is in progress, with a vindictive fury that makes Donnybrook Fair look like a vicarage teaparty. It is hardly to be wondered at, that the details of a struggle in such grotesquely incongruous surroundings rivet our attention, to the exclusion of the underlying problem. That we fail to see the wood for the trees.

The Japanese, as they frankly assert, look to a short and intensified war, with an overwhelming and permanent defeat of China. Were the two antagonists to be judged by the values of their respective armies, and were the issue one of standard battle alone, the Japanese intention and forecast might well be taken as *chose jugée*. And if we are to add that an unchallenged seapower in the hands of a great and highly modern navy facing an immense seaboard is confronted by no navy at all; that sea communications with the Island Kingdom are as safe as a river ferry; and that the choice of point of attack is therefore unlimited, the conclusion apparently goes beyond the foregone and reaches the axiomatic.

Trouble is, these apparently overwhelming advantages are no more than curtain-raisers to the main problem which, stated at its simplest, is that of pinning down the Chinese armies, defeating them, and thereby laying open the 4,500,000 sq. miles of the land to whatever political or economic subjection Japan may wish, may consider practicable, and may be able to enforce.

For all its intensity, the complicated dogfight now raging in and around Shanghai needs hardly more than a passing glance. Success or failure, here, can in the long run have nothing but an initial influence on the main problem: put shortly, that of securing the concentration of all the Chinese eggs into such a basket that they may be smashed, for good and all. But if the Chinese armies are sufficiently realist to admit that they are not yet fit to stand in open modern battle against a first-class Power, and refuse to be so accommodating as to play their adversary's game — what then? Then, indeed, the problem, for Japan, changes from the comparatively simple "limited objective" to an horizon with no military, political or, in the last resort, geographical bounds to it. It, in short, by its very vastness becomes insoluble.

This matter of the "limited objective" is inescapable. History ancient, medieval, or modern, abounds in instances of its vital influence on the success or failure of contending armies.

Parallels present themselves with the German failure in 1914 to take Paris and thereby to bring about the collapse of France: the sequel being a war which dragged on for years and which nothing but an eventual nation-wide exhaustion brought to a close. The Afghanistan problem which, for generations, persisted as the key point of our overseas anxieties: in mid-stride brought most unexpectedly and suddenly to an end on a May afternoon of 1919, when it was found that Kabul, with its compact concentration of royal quarters, treasury, arsenal and all that made effective government, lay bare and defenceless to our air squadrons who, in one merry afternoon's work, bombed them to blazes. And has thus remained, a pricked bubble, ever since.

Perhaps the greatest and most classic example of the "limited objective" among dozens that history affords is that of Napoleon and Moscow; the colossal error of judgment in a mind attuned to the fixed targets of Europe, faced for the first time with conditions approximately Asiatic; the immense distances, the wild land, and the apparently all-vital prize of the capital city which fell to ashes in the conqueror's hand.

Throughout the immense length and breadth of China—the silent, passive, inscrutable China of reality, and not the pinchbeck neo-modern civilisation which has grown up like a frilly tinsel round her eastward edges—there is no such cardinal objective. Nanking has a history and a tradition more ancient and respect-compelling than that of Peiping. But its fall would have no more effect on the situation than, in the matter of the last few weeks, has had that of the northern capital. The sea-vulnerable Treaty Ports—Amoy, Foochow, and others including even Shanghai itself—are modern excrescences to the Chinese, with nothing more than a non-vital foreign trade; their loss, no more than an anticipation of the cessation of that Europe-wards commerce which will surely come to an end from the moment that they fall into the hands of Japan. For China's strength

TRAGEDY IN THE NANKING ROAD: The scene of terrible carnage in this street in Shanghai's International Settlement after a Japanese shell had exploded, killing a hundred or more people. On the left and right are the Sincere and Wing-On stores, which were both badly damaged

lies not in her world-contacts but rather in her vast and featureless extent; her power, in the yielding inertia of her swarming population; her wealth, in the myriad inland multiplicity of tiny exchanges and the absence of any concentration of centralised resources. Any nation less provided with moral, material, or economic objectives for the invader it would be hard to imagine.

Further, geographically, the background is fluid. The country holds no one large obstacle or barrier against which its defending forces could be driven, and thus be concentrated to their destruction. Retreat, for vast frontages northward and westward, is open. Were an invader in the position, and in command of sufficient numbers, to drive the plains country clear of opposition, unbeaten and still cohesive Chinese armies looming in the north-west would to-day be as vivid a menace to any force in the plains of China proper as ever were Genghis Khan's Mongols.

Economically, China can never be starved into submission. Chinese riches are incalculable. There is an inner and vital life to China that it would take generations of invading Japanese to reach, and which, unconquered, might well persist, keeping only the sketchiest hearsay notion of what had happened at the conquered seaboard. There are trade-routes still in daily use that were old in the days of Marco Polo; still reaching westward, south-westward, north-westward and on into the inner reaches of hidden Asia; trade that, to the writer's personal knowledge, refuses the easy outlet to the sea and the quick communications of

AKES ALL

A Nation Committed to the Task of Conquest and Facing a Trial of Strength that may, if China Displays Wisdom, Prove Beyond her Powers

civilisation. It obstinately adheres to the immemorial, woefully uneconomic overland channels: a trade in volume and value beyond the dreams even of the Treaty Ports.

In any case, no nation nowadays goes bankrupt, so long as it can pay its own people in paper and promises for the feeding of its armies. To the rulers of China, living on the country would be carried to limits of ruthlessness measurable only by their complete and traditional lack of compassion for a starving and plague-stricken countryside.

Nor, if the Chinese armies retreat before the invader, in the matter of payment for imported sinews of war need there be any limit to their powers of resistance and recuperation. Let Japan blockade all sea-access never so closely, the immense Mongolian north-west still lies open. Across these wastes, within recent years, Russia has shown us how, for her own purposes, she was able to keep supplied the armies of her bondsman Marshal Feng Yu-Hsiang during his rebellion against the Nanking Government. Gone are the days of the slow camel caravans plodding the immense distances of the Gobi. Fleets of five-ton lorries can to-day cover the distance from Urga to Lanchow in days, supplanting months, and with choice of many routes. In the light of history not a fortnight old, we may accept Russo-Chinese cooperation as bonded. Payment apart, Russia would still be well recouped if she could ensure, vicariously, the collapse of her inveterate enemy, Japan.

Summarised, then. The wise course for China is inescapably obvious. To use the vastness of her featureless geography, her absence of communications and of any vital objective, and the potential fluidity of her forces, to lure on the invader and to entangle him, the farther he advances, in an impossible situation; wasting his force and his resources, lunging at ghosts, defeated in the end by the impossibility either of finality or effective victory.

A STEEL-HELMETED JAPANESE MARINE searching a Chinese woman for firearms in the Chinese district on Shanghai's northern boundary where fighting has been intense

There are those who refuse to believe it, and who revert again and again to Japan's unassailable power at sea. But the days of Mahan and sea-power, when the liberty of choice of point of attack was decisive, are past. The thing has, as near as makes no matter, joined shibboleth. As a strategical concept, it survives as a catchword. No more. For of what value is the choice of attack on seaports to an invader, when no communications useful or even possible to a landing-force lead through their hinterland into the interior? Roads, fit for a modern army's transport, are non-existent. Railways, nowadays, are gifts, as well as guiding-lines, to aircraft. Even at that, those joining the seaports to Inner China are few. China, in fact, is a country of the most lamentably archaic communications. Water-borne traffic, by sea, river, or canal, she understands. But her roads are nothing less than a disaster. Even at that, an evil fate for Japan has it that the major communications run mainly north and south, and therefore athwart the line of any advance from the coast: an obstacle rather than a help to an invader.

As for ships, China, with no navy, and her coastwise seaborne traffic driven to emptiness and inertia, presents no target on the sea itself. The riches of her vulnerable Treaty Ports are a drop in the ocean of her resources: exotic to her real wealth: and, even at that, largely of foreign concern. Were Japan to seize the lot, it would only be to pare the rind from the melon.

A single magnificent waterway, indeed, runs deep into the land from east to west. The Yangtze. At first sight, to a Power unassailable on the water it would seem to solve every problem of invasion. But if Japan did not know it before, she has realised in the last few weeks the difficulties of even the heaviest ship's artillery in action against the well-hidden howitzer on land. The point is by no means obscure, and the simplest language will serve to explain it. The howitzer drops shells of great destructive power almost vertically on to the one most vulnerable part of even a heavily armoured warship, her deck. The ship's guns, designed for long range and armour-piercing at sea, and therefore with an extremely high muzzle-velocity, have the flattest of flat trajectory. Their very power makes them unsuitable as weapons against the land. A direct hit on so small an object as a field-gun or its equivalent in size, the howitzer, would be almost incredibly rare. Visualise ship's guns against howitzers. Ships stung to reckless action by fire to which no effective reply can be given, landing marines to attack, only to repeat the present Shanghai deadlock. The floating forces of Japan, from Woosung to the gorges 1,000 miles upstream would be one continued running of what might eventually prove to be an impossible gauntlet.

It is possible that the Japanese may still believe in a *dégringolade*: a sudden collapse of China's resistance: a splitting asunder of her armies, under war-lords none too loyal to one another or to the Nanking Government. If so, and if they persist in regarding the Chinese as essentially unwarlike, they forget the past. Since days well before the Christian era, China has averaged one major war in every fifty years of her history—with losses or gains, human, financial, or material, which by contemporary European standards were no less than fabulous. China is no novice at war. What, however, is her real novitiate, is her failure to realise the major strategical wisdom in the choice that to-day lies before her.

(Continued on page 476)

SEEKING SANCTUARY IN THE INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT: Chinese refugees from the Hongkew battle area crowding into the British quarter of Shanghai across the Garden Bridge over Soochow Creek. Their homes had become a veritable battleground and their plight was desperate

THE U.S. EVACUATION: A tender, flying the stars and stripes fore and aft, carrying American residents of Shanghai down the Whangpoo River before transferring them to one of the Dollar liners waiting with steam up at Woosung, some miles distant, to take them back home to the United States

MAKING A GET-AWAY: British women and children escorted to the tender which took them from Shanghai in the first days of the struggle. Altogether 2,700 of them have been evacuated to Hong Kong, about 850 miles down the coast, where everything possible is being done for their welfare. For some the future is very uncertain as they have had to give up their employment

LOCK, STOCK, AND BARREL: Those Chinese inhabitants of Shanghai who were fortunate enough to own boats or sufficiently well-to-do to charter them, piled the craft high with their belongings and made off upstream to points where they could be fairly safe from the conflict raging round the Settlement

CHOLET HONOURS THE CHOUANS

A Monument to the Royalists Who Defied the French Revolutionaries

RED-LETTER DAY IN THE VENDÉE: There was a great gathering in the town of Cholet, Western France, last week for the unveiling of Maxime Réal del Sart's magnificent figure *(left)* set up in honour of the Chouans, those devout Catholics and unswerving adherents of the royalist cause who in 1793—after Louis XVI had been sent to his death—rose in unison against the Republican and anti-Christian Government and fought so manfully for their cause. Delegations came from all parts of the province, marching through the streets (*as depicted on right*) in their picturesque and variegated costumes

THE WHITE BONNETS OF THE PEASANT WOMEN, as they sat out on the grassy slopes watching the unveiling of sculptor Maxime del Sart's inspiring monument, were delightfully picturesque. These folk of the Vendée are intensely religious in character and have all the Breton melancholy of spirit

THE SYMBOL OF THE SACRED HEART was worn by every delegate to the unveiling, stressing the religious character of the occasion. The people of the Vend e are extremely proud of the part played by the Chouans in the French Revolution when they remained loyal to the crown and the faith

THE CHARM AND VARIETY OF VENDÉAN COSTUME was one of the most striking features of the gathering at Cholet, the women in their snow-white dunces caps (*above*) and the men (*right*) in their gaiters, pleated breeches, flowered waistcoats, and butterfly collars. Many of them have ancestors who fought in the Vendee war. They gained the nickname of Chouan by using the cry of the screech owl, or chathuant, as a mode of signalling

YOUTH DISPORTS AT NORTH BERWICK

Swimming, Golfing, and Miniature Sailing

On right—PLAYTIME ON THE BEACH: The Marquess of Huntly and Miss Patricia Hambro with Zandra, baby daughter of Mrs. Alec Hambro (Baba Beaton that was)

VETERANS LOOK ON: The Right Hon. Sir Stanley Jackson of cricketing fame, and Lord Hawke, equally renowned stalwart of the summer game, pictured during a visit to the North Berwick pond to see the children

ALONE SHE DID IT: Miss Nancy Gardner of Galashiels, surrounded by an admiring throng after her wonderful swim from the Bass Rock to North Berwick—a distance of four miles in a straight line and considerably more by the necessarily roundabout way she went

THEIR BIG MOMENT: Findlay Muir, Muriel Shiel, and Joan Berry, first, second, and third prize winners at the Children's Gala at North Berwick pond, lined up beside Baroness de Waldner who distributed the prizes. Over 100 youngsters participated

CHILDREN PLAY THE ANCIENT GAME: Miss Rosemary Grimston, daughter of Mr. Robert Grimston, Member of Parliament for Trowbridge, driving off from the first tee during the Cree Medal competition on the ladies course. Only youngsters under 14 are allowed to take part in this annual event, but the play often reaches quite a high standard

On left—"ENDEAVOURS" IN MINIATURE: Children watching their charges after starting them off in one of the races for prizes given by the local council at North Berwick's model yacht pond. The boats were graded, so that all had a fair chance of success

THE GRAND PARADE: The boys and girls started the proceedings at North Berwick Children's Gala by marching round the pond in single file, receiving an immense ovation from the spectators some of whom can be seen packing the stand in the background

British Men-of-War in the China Sea

Our Present Naval Strength Adequate to Meet Emergencies in the Sino-Japanese War Zone

THE CRUISER "CUMBERLAND," a 10,000-ton vessel of the Washington class, which has already done sterling work in the protection of British interests during the Sino-Japanese conflict. She mounts eight 8-in. guns, and has a maximum speed of 31·5 knots. *On the right* is her sister ship *Suffolk*, which is also doing duty with the China Squadron at the moment

IT is unfortunate that the outbreak of trouble in Northern China has found the British squadron there slightly under strength, although as most of the active work has fallen to the lot of the smaller ships, with light draught, this has not made any difference up to now.

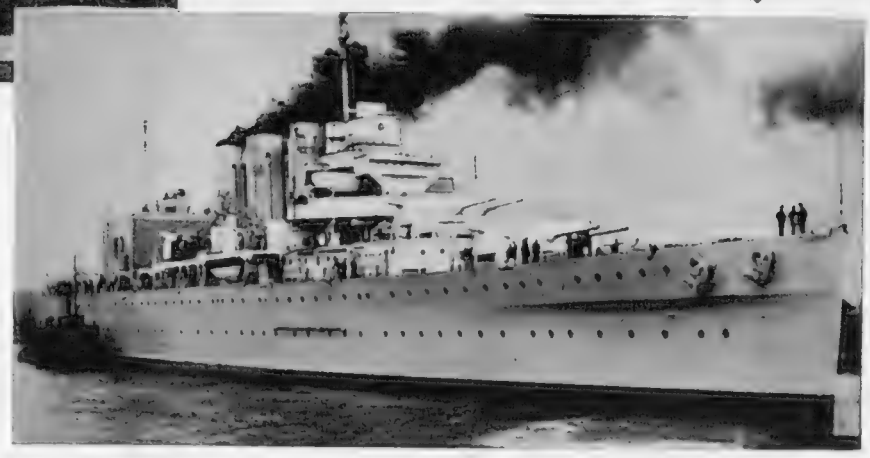
The normal backbone of the squadron is five 10,000-ton Washington cruisers, very poorly protected, but mounting eight 8-in. guns. For their size they have a very reasonable draught, and where they have proved particularly useful is that they are so roomy below decks that each can carry a full battalion of 1,000 odd men and transport them to any danger spot far more rapidly than is possible by any other means.

At the present time one of these cruisers is at home being fitted to carry more aircraft and having various other alterations made, and her place is being taken by H.M.S. *Danae*, a 4,850-ton 6-in. gun-cruiser, which is so handy and has such a light draught that the Commander-in-Chief has moved his flag to her at Shanghai out of the bigger *Cumberland* which with the *Dorsetshire*, *Berwick*, and *Suffolk* makes up the other four.

The other cruiser attached to the squadron is the *Capetown*, designed for North Sea service during the War, which is kept on the China Station in order that she may go right up the Yangtse-Kiang when the water is high and remain in one of the deep spots through the winter, unable to get down to the sea owing to the shallowness of the middle reaches but affording excellent protection against any sort of disorder.

The cruiser-minelayer *Adventure*, an experimental vessel built in 1924 whose design was never repeated, can also be used for

(Continued on page 476)



AERIAL PICKABACK

The Wonders of the Mayo Composite Aircraft

FOR some weeks now flying trials have been proceeding with the big Short flying-boat *Maia* which forms the lower component or carrier plane of the Mayo Composite Aircraft. On August 25, the upper component, the four-engined seaplane *Mercury*, was launched and trials have since begun with the two machines locked together as a composite machine. Should these trials prove successful the *Mercury* will be used for long non-stop journeys with mails including direct crossings of the North Atlantic.

The object of the Mayo invention is to combine long range and large payload in one and the same aeroplane by enabling a heavily loaded machine, carrying much more cargo than it could safely lift from the surface under its own power alone, to be lifted on the back of a much more powerful and more lightly loaded machine and launched at a suitable operating height at a safe flying speed. The invention is in essentials a form of catapult launching which is performed at a considerable height and without violent accelerations and shocks.

THE "MERCURY" MAKES HER BOW: The upper component of the Mayo Composite Aircraft in the Medway after being launched from Short's yard at Rochester. If her trials prove successful she will be used for Atlantic flights, her lower component helping to give the necessary initial lift

Like catapult launching this is a fundamental invention, because it can derive full advantage from any technical improvements in normal aircraft or engine design, or in the science of aeronautics generally. Such improvements can readily be embodied in the design of the individual components of the composite aircraft.

The future of commercial and military aviation may be profoundly influenced if the trials prove successful and fulfil the expectations of Major Mayo, the inventor. The composite method of assisted take-off is claimed to be superior to any other means because launching can be performed at any desired height so that risk of forced landing when the machine is near the surface with full load is eliminated. Further, the composite aircraft can function by day or night and in all reasonable weather conditions. Great economy is another claim. Duties can be satisfactorily accomplished by aircraft which are much smaller, require less powerful engines, and cost much less to buy or to operate than machines which are able to take off under their own power carrying equivalent loads. These savings should far more than offset the cost of the launching aircraft, which will themselves be available for normal air line work when not needed for launching.

The invention is not limited to the use of seaplanes. Either component can be a landplane, seaplane, or amphibian. Flying at great heights is made easier because the invention enables full supercharge to be used in the engines of the upper component without affecting the performance at low levels. It also lends itself to use with heavy oil engines because it overcomes the chief defect of the compression-ignition engine burning diesel oil that it cannot develop nearly so much power for take-off as the equivalent "petrol" engine. On the other hand it can take full advantage of that property of the heavy oil engine of consuming less weight of fuel per horse-power at cruising speed which makes this type of engine particularly suitable for very long non-stop journeys.

At first sight the lower component *Maia* resembles the now familiar Short Empire flying-boats, but although the resemblance is close the two types are quite distinct, and the *Maia* was in fact designed before the Empire boat. Only the urgent need for as many Empire boats as possible to meet the needs of the Empire air mail scheme has held back the *Maia* and not until deliveries of the Empire boats were well advanced was work on the composite craft proceeded with.

Chief differences of the *Maia* from the standard Empire boat lie in the hull, the wings, and the tail surfaces. The hull is broader in beam and has tumble-home instead of vertical sides in order to obtain greater stability on the water since the centre of gravity is considerably higher when the fully loaded upper component is in position. The wings have 4 ft. more span and 16 per cent. more area than the Empire boat and the engines are placed farther out on the wings from the hull to give clearance between the airscrews and the floats of the upper component which rest on the top of the wing. The tail control surfaces are larger, because when the machines are locked all controlling is done by the *Maia*.

On the top of the hull are two pylons of steel tube which form a trestle to support the central keel of the upper component. Lesser pylons on each side steady its floats. In the main pylon system is the apparatus for attaching and releasing the upper machine. Before the machines can separate in the air the pilot in each craft must release a hook, and since the pilots are in communication by telephone this release can readily be made simultaneously. The final release is automatic and depends on aerodynamic forces affecting the combined aircraft. Their wing sections have been chosen so that the machines tend to separate at a given forward speed at which the third attachment releases automatically and the two craft part company. Each of the three attachments is ample to hold the machines together and the final separation cannot take either pilot by surprise. If for some reason the machines should fail to separate the pilots may recouple the hooks under their individual control and the craft continue in flight together.

The four-engined monoplane seaplane *Mercury* which forms the upper component is powered by Napier Rapier air-cooled engines developing up to 1,280 h.p. in all. The combined power of the two machines together is more than 5,000 h.p. for take-off, and since the aggregate weight will be about 45,000 lb. there should be no difficulty in the take-off and climb to some 10,000 ft. for the launch.

C. D. Palmer

"MERCURY'S" BIG BROTHER: The *Maia*, or lower component of the composite aircraft, which carries the lighter upper component on her "back"

Piracy in the Mediterranean

A Merchant Vessel Narrowly Escapes the Torpedo of an Unknown Submarine

DRAWN FOR "THE SPHERE" BY MONTAGUE DAWSON

FOR a long while past the situation in the Western Mediterranean has been steadily deteriorating, attacks on unarmed merchant vessels by submarines of doubtful origin having become increasingly frequent. It is nothing more or less than piracy, and the incident so graphically depicted here by Montague Dawson, the noted marine artist, is only one of many grim realities. Britain and France, justly alarmed by the trend of events, recently determined to make a bid to put an end to this state of affairs, and last week the two Governments jointly issued invitations to ten other Powers, including Germany and Italy, to meet in conference at Nyon, on the Swiss shore of Lake Geneva, and discuss what might best be done. The object of the gathering, which was due to start on September 10, was to make the Mediterranean safe for shipping in the future, not to investigate attacks that had already taken place. Germany and Italy flatly refused to be present

OFF TO THE WAR ZONE: *Above and on right*—Two impressions of the British destroyers *Fortune* and *Firedrake*, sailing through the Straits of Dover after leaving Chatham en route for Mediterranean waters. Their presence there has been urgently needed on account of the piracy menace which is causing such grave concern. *Fury* and *Forester*, also belonging to the 11th Destroyer Division, have accompanied them

TERROR *in the* DEPTHS

How Warships Defend Themselves Against Submarine Attacks and Retaliate with very Deadly Effect

By LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENNETH EDWARDS

TWENTY years ago the hand of every decent man was against the submarines, which were being used ruthlessly and in defiance of International Law for unrestricted warfare upon merchant vessels. Now, although on a far smaller scale, submarines are again menacing the existence of those who "pass upon the seas upon their lawful occasions." Merchant vessels flying neutral colours have been attacked and torpedoed in the Mediterranean, not only in the immediate vicinity of the Spanish coasts, but as far afield as the Aegean. A torpedo has been fired by a submarine at a British destroyer, carrying out non-intervention patrol.

The destroyer took immediate counter-attacking action, and British warships in the Mediterranean have been instructed to try to sink any submarine which attacks a neutral merchant vessel.

The weapon of the destroyer against the submarine is the depth charge—a weapon evolved during the great war and found so effective that Lord Jellicoe in his book *The Submarine Peril* stated :—"There is no doubt that the increased use of the depth charge was a great factor in the defeat of the submarine menace."

The great value of the depth charge against the submarine is not that it will always sink the submarine. A charge must explode very close to the hull of a submarine for the hull to be completely crushed inwards by the force of the explosion. At much greater distances, however, the explosion of depth charges will cause damage which may very likely lead to the submarine's becoming out of control and either breaking surface or hitting the bottom of the sea so hard as to inflict upon her even greater damage. The depth charge has another effect. The weight of its explosion, confined by the pressure of the sea, is terrific, and it was found in the great war that the effect upon morale was such that men who had once been attacked by depth charges never willingly risked a repetition of the experience.

In this way the depth charge is a valuable deterrent against the irresponsible use of submarines. In the past few years many treaties and protocols have been signed with the object of "humanising" submarine warfare and preventing the use of submarines against shipping without discrimination. Recent events in the Mediterranean seem to show that these efforts have failed. It is more probable that the depth charge will succeed where treaties have failed—by the simple process of demonstrating that the game is not worth the candle.

The depth charge itself is one of the simplest weapons devised for the waging of modern warfare. It looks just like a steel paint-drum. In the early days during the great war, when anti-submarine measures were so largely experimental, three types of depth charge were evolved. One contained 300 pounds of explosive charge; another 120 pounds, and another only 40 pounds. The latter was for the use of small craft, and did not resemble a paint-drum in the least. It came just after the days when small craft on patrol always carried a sledge hammer with which to smash the periscope of a submarine. It was made up like a spear with a bulbous shaft containing the explosive charge and men were supposed to use it against a submarine in the same way as a hand-operated harpoon is used against a whale.

FIFTY MILE AN HOUR TORPEDO CHASER: This is the speed of this twin-screw craft which has just been launched at Cowes for the Weymouth Torpedo Company and will be used for collecting spent torpedoes. In good weather it could actually cross from Dover to Calais and return in the space of an hour

This "lance bomb" and the 120-lb. depth charge have passed into the category of museum pieces. To-day only the depth charge containing 300 lb. of explosive charge is used, as it has been proved the most efficient.

The depth charge of to-day is a steel cylinder 1 ft. 5½ ins. in diameter and 2 ft. 3 ins. long. This cylinder contains 300 lb. of tri-nitro-toluene, which is packed around the circumference of the cylinder so that a tubular space is left down the centre. Into this space fits the "pistol," which is the only part of a depth charge which carries any mechanism. This is of the simplest, its main feature being a hydrostatic valve kept closed by a spring, the tension of which can be adjusted. The adjustment of the tension on this spring is the adjustment of the depth setting at which the depth charge will explode. As soon as the depth charge has sunk to such a depth that the sea pressure overcomes the tension on the spring of the valve, the hydrostatic valve will open. This fires the small detonator fitted into the "pistol," which in turn detonates the main charge of T.N.T.

In 1918 the large 300-lb. depth charges were provided with four depth settings—50 ft., 100 ft., 150 ft., and 200 ft. One of the most curious facts about the depth charge is that, while improvements have been made in every other weapon of war, the depth charge of to-day varies only in small details from that of 1918. This is not because it has been allowed to stagnate. Rather is it because the weapon of 1918 was efficient. In recent years many experiments have been carried out, but they have led only to minor modifications.

There are now two methods of firing depth charges. In the first place, there are the arrangements for dropping them off skids built at the stern. The depth charge is released by the operation of an hydraulic lever on the bridge and rolls off the skid into the water in much the same way as a mine rolls off the rails of a mine layer. Naturally, a destroyer dropping depth charges steams at high speed, otherwise the force of the explosion too close to the stern might well do serious damage to the destroyer.

The other method of firing depth charges arose from a suggestion made by Sir Cecil Burney when a lieutenant in the Grand Fleet. He suggested that some form of howitzer should be evolved, to be mounted on either quarter of a destroyer and be capable of throwing depth charges out some distance from the track of the destroyer. The idea was that if a destroyer sighted a periscope she could follow in its wake, pass over the submarine, and then fire depth charges from these howitzers which would "straddle" the submarine, and thus increase enormously the chances of a successful attack.

The depth charge throwing howitzers of to-day are very much the same as those which made their appearance in destroyers towards the end of the great war. The drum-shaped depth charge is held on a light, steel cradle, which has a thick "stalk." The cradle carrying the depth charge rests on the muzzle of the howitzer, and the "stalk" passes down the barrel, forming a sort of loosely-fitting projectile. When the cordite charge of the howitzer is fired the depth charge and its cradle are lobbed out a distance of about 40 yards from the track of the destroyer.

(*Continued on page 476*)

ITALY'S MODERN NAVY

A Formidable Force of Recent Growth that has Yet to be Proved in War

By FRANK C. BOWEN

ONE of the most important factors in Europe's troubled politics at the moment is the Italian Navy, now to all appearances a very formidable force which is of modern growth. For although the Italians have been a maritime people for centuries, even when the country was divided into many States it was one of the greatest factors in the world of merchant shipping, the Navy was for many years rather looked down upon and regarded as being far below the Army in every way.

The fiasco of the Battle of Lissa in 1866, when the Italian fleet made such a poor showing against the Austrian, was not easily forgotten and it was not until the latter part of the great war, when a few tiny Italian motor torpedo boats carried out some of the most dashing exploits of the whole struggle, that the general public showed any real interest. This encouraged the personnel of the Navy to far greater efforts, but for years Government propaganda was centred almost entirely on the Army and the Italians are very susceptible to propaganda. Then the new imperial policy of Italy turned public attention to the Navy and the people discovered that their fleet had been improved out of all recognition.

The new Italian Navy bears little resemblance to the old, but it is still unproved by war. The strict press censorship on everything to do with the Navy, makes it impossible to judge the value of the personnel—but there is no doubt of the improvement of the material.

Before and during the war the greatest handicap to the Navy was the slow promotion and poor pay of the officers. With few exceptions they did not rise to command until they had reached an age when the dash of youth, so important in the handling of destroyers, submarines, and light cruisers, had gone and the officer with a family naturally thought of his pay and pension when it came to making a decision.

When the construction of the post-war navy was started one of the main principles, absolutely sound with Italy's naval interest limited in area as it was then, was the full utilisation of youthful officers and ratings, and the teachings of the *jeune école*—the dashing use of the smaller types of warship—were accepted in toto. A large fleet of destroyers, torpedo boats and submarines, with nothing bigger than cruisers as a backbone, was built and the battleships left over from the war were either scrapped or spent most of their time in reserve.

Tiny hornet motor torpedo boats—the coastal motor boats of the British Navy—gave invaluable experience in command to young officers. In addition to surrendered destroyers of moderate tonnage a number of new ones were built of about half the size of contemporaries in other navies. At the same time a big fleet of destroyers of more normal type, most ingeniously adapted to Italy's requirements with a great saving of money, was built up. Their construction has continued steadily ever since and although the phenomenal trial speeds which have been such an excellent advertisement for Italian shipbuilders are beyond their ordinary power on service, they are very fast boats

In 1923 Italy launched the first of a new type of super destroyer with high speed and the armament of a light cruiser. Very logically, the Italians call them scouts. The French Navy adopted the idea enthusiastically and built a big fleet known as flotilla leaders, although they are not intended to lead flotillas at all. The Italian design has progressed steadily, although it was realised that the first of the type were over-armed and that their heavy battery spoiled their other qualities. Although the displacement has increased with successive classes, the armament of eight 4·7-in. guns was reduced to six and then to five.

The submarine fleet which has been used so much in Italian propaganda was built up at the same time, the lessons of the German submarine bases in the Adriatic having been learned thoroughly. The submarine side of the Italian Navy will soon be the biggest in the world, and is the aim of every ambitious young officer. It is divided into mine-layers, coastal, sea-going, and ocean-going submarines, the coastal and sea-going classes being most numerous, although latterly more attention has been given to the bigger ships with the policy of making Italian naval interests world-wide.

The cruiser fleet was temporarily reinforced by surrendered ships from Germany and Austria which were very useful as stop-gaps and for training purposes, while the new fleet was being built up, but which are now being rapidly discarded. New construction started with 10,000-ton ships of the Washington type with unusually high speed and rather light construction. In all, seven of these have been built, the later ones sacrificing a good deal of their speed in order to obtain excellent protection. In every one great attention has been paid to the anti-aircraft batteries, each ship carrying sixteen 3·9-in. guns and the same number of smaller pieces while British contemporaries only carried four 4-inch in addition to small. It is an interesting indication of Italian tactics that the torpedo tube was abandoned altogether in the later ships.

MEDIEVAL NYON: A glimpse of the castle in this old town on the Swiss side of Lake Geneva to a conference at which Great Britain and France last week issued invitations to ten Powers. The delegates, including representatives of Greece, Yugoslavia, Turkey, Egypt, Albania, Russia, Rumania, and Bulgaria, were faced with the problem of finding ways and means of preventing piracy in Mediterranean waters, where International law regarding shipping at sea has of late been flagrantly abused. Italy and Germany declined to attend

In 1928 the Italians started the construction of the famous Condottieri class of light cruiser, the fastest in the world and now numbering a dozen. The fifth type had a displacement of 5,000 odd tons, a designed speed of 37 knots although they managed 39 and 40 knots when they were tried in a very light condition, and an armament of eight 6-in. guns, but the design has developed by stages to a displacement of 7,875 tons, a designed speed of 35 knots, and an armament of ten 6-in. guns. The *Raimondo Montecuccoli* of this type is being sent out to the Far East to protect Italian interests at Shanghai and naval observers are curious to see whether she can stand up to such work or whether her construction is too light.

The Italian Navy has always been among the keenest to fit ships of various types to carry aircraft and the whole country is wildly enthusiastic about aviation, but curiously enough the Navy has never built a modern aircraft carrier, and the only one in the fleet is a converted passenger ship of very modest size and speed. One reason for this is the convenient position of their land bases, but there is talk now of building two up-to-date aircraft carriers, although apparently nothing definite has yet been done.

On the material side the Italian Navy has obviously been converted into a remarkable force in a very short time. Whether the personnel has kept pace can only be decided on active service.

BRITISH BLUEJACKETS IN THE CITY OF THE DOGES: Excursions to places of interest ashore were a feature of the courtesy call made at Venice the other day by the cruisers *Sussex* and *London*. *Left*—A shore party standing on a bridge in the suburb of Murano where, among other things, the men toured a glass-making factory. Note the challenging inscription on the clock tower in the background, it proclaims in the usual definite terms, Signor Mussolini's unswerving belief in Italy's high destiny. *Above*—The men pushing off for their floating home after a day's sightseeing

The Italian Fleet To-day

The present strength of the Italian Navy in ships built, building, and (as far as can be ascertained) projected, but omitting certain obsolete ships and small craft, is as follows:—

CAPITAL SHIPS - - -	6
CRUISERS - - - -	19
SURFACE TORPEDO CRAFT -	123
SUBMARINES - - - -	108

HUNTING in the FORESTS of KHORASAN

A Little-known and But Rarely Visited Iranian Wonderland

MISTY FOREST DEPTHS: A European party's camp in that wonderful but little-known sportsman's paradise in the Iranian frontier province of Khorasan where vast tracts of woodland, in some parts undisturbed by man, abound in game of many varieties from the fleet gazelle to the mighty bear. It is perhaps no great wonder that this hunting ground is seldom visited by Europeans for it lies right off the beaten track

PACK ANIMALS AND KURDISH GUIDES can be obtained by the visitor from the settlements surrounding the forests and, indeed, it is unsafe to penetrate this uncharted country without their assistance. The Kurds are knowledgeable hunters, knowing as if by instinct in what areas the best game is likely to be found

THE SUN STEALS THROUGH THE WOODLAND GLADE shining down on the little camp where the hunters have established their quarters for a day or so before moving on to other parts of the forest. It is delightful country and in many ways is surprisingly English in character. Only a small part of Khorasan is as beautiful as this, however, for vast tracts of the province are desert

THE INQUISITIVE ROEBUCK: These delightful creatures, with their long and broad ears seemingly out of all proportion to the size of their heads, will often come into the camp and nose around among the belongings of the hunters. When in flight, however, it takes a first class shot to bring them down

TROPHIES OF THE CHASE: *Left*—This fine pair of horns, so massive and so gracefully curving, was obtained from a specimen of the Kenyon wild sheep which roam the Khorasan forests in great numbers. They are quick to scent danger, however, and are not easily shot. *Right*—Head of a fully grown bear

AS DARKNESS APPROACHES: Erecting a small tent in a forest glade. The nights are cold in this part of Khorasan, for the hunting country lies at high altitudes, sometimes as much as 7,000 ft. Even so the hardy Kurdish guides sleep in the open air

TO the lands of the world to be considered great hunting territories must be added Iran, though the fact is still none too well known. The greater part of Iran consists of steppe lands, even desert, but in the mountain boundaries, which enclose the Iranian plateau, there are great forests stretching over vast areas, the largest of these special districts being the frontier province of Khorasan in the north east. There the splendid forests stretch for miles: several days ride, in fact, through primitive forest undisturbed by man. Only a few local hunters range these woodlands which hide great quantities of game, animals such as roebuck. stag, ibex, gazelle, and that particularly rare booty the Kenyon wild sheep with its mighty horns. There is also no lack of big and dangerous game such as wolf and bear, which are, with the panther and in the lowlands, the tiger, at home here.

That this splendid hunting ground is little visited by the sporting European, is comprehensible, for Khorasan lies quite outside ordinary lines of communication. A week long caravan trip from Teheran is the prelude to a hunt in the Khorasan forests. However, with the appearance of the automobile, this introductory effort is easier, though the route is by way of mere tracks and roadless steppe and bush, until the hills and woods are reached and must also be negotiated. In the last settlement, which lies at a considerable height, the hunter can obtain pack animals from the Kurdish inhabitants who will also act as guides and beaters. A goodly caravan must be assembled to take all that is required for any length of stay in the woods. The cost is ridiculously small. These Kurdish guides and hunters are splendid types, and they alone know the wild uninhabited forests. They are also used to wandering in the woods for weeks on end, living on their guns

HE KNOWS THE FOREST TRACKS: This fine type of Kurdish hunter has guided many a traveller unfailingly through the wilds of Khorasan

SHIRTED, COATED, BUT BAREFOOTED: A youngster of the Iranian steppe pictured during the journey from Teheran to the mountains of Khorasan

IT MIGHT BE ENGLAND! Typical country in Khorasan which, except for its vastness, has a peculiarly English appearance. It is this, indeed, that strikes the hunter most when he enters this wonderland of unspoilt beauty where time stands still. In years to come, when new motor roads intersect the province, things may be different

HOW THEY TRAVEL IN KHORASAN: Mother rides the horse, her child sits behind her, self assured and at ease, while father trudges along beside them. They are typical nomads, moving from place to place in search of water and pasture, but their present mode of existence will soon cease, for the edict has gone forth from Teheran that these Ishmaelites must now settle in the villages

ONCE A MONARCH'S PLAYGROUND: The remains of a hunting lodge built above the waters of a forest lake by Shah Abbas the Great, a ruler who lorded it over Persia in the sixteenth century. The place has long since gone to ruin, the main structure having crumbled into the lake and dense foliage grown up through the mouldering foundations which soon, doubtless, will also fall into the water

PERILOUS PERCHES: Two workmen, high above London's traffic on the scaffolding of the great new University building in Bloomsbury, pause in their labours to light cigarettes. The building will cost a total of £3,000,000, but it may be many years before the work is finally brought to completion

IS LONDON'S BUILDING BOOM ENDING?

Builders of Shops, Flats, and Offices Evidently do not Think So and are Going Ahead with New Ventures as Confidently as Ever

FROM the roof of the office where I work in Westminster it is possible on a clear day to see all of Westminster itself and South East London as far as the Kent hills and the remaining towers of the Crystal Palace. With field glasses it is easy to pick out all over this area blocks of new flats, and anyone who surveys the scene, say once every six months, must be surprised at the rate at which new blocks appear. Having worked for nearly fourteen years in the shadow of the Palace of Westminster I have seen the old houses on Millbank with their fine old carved door porches make way for the great white piles of Imperial Chemical House and Thames House. On the other side of the river have sprung up two more huge buildings to dwarf Lambeth Palace, one of them the home of a famous firm of newsagents and the other the new headquarters of the London Fire Brigade. A little farther along the river Victorian mansions have been swept away to be replaced by what is probably the largest block of flats in Europe. What was one of the worst slum areas in London is now occupied by fine blocks of working-class dwellings; the new Westminster Hospital is rising from a forest of steel girders, and all through the area between the river and Victoria Street are to be found new blocks of flats, with service garages and shops.

What has happened in Westminster has been repeated in almost every London borough in the past decade. The Strand has changed and is still changing daily. A great block of the Adelphi has gone. To-day a hole in the ground; soon it will be a huge block to range with Shell-Mex House. The road from Kennington to Brixton Hill is studded with new blocks of flats—some of them reminiscent of the Continent—and new cinemas to serve their occupiers. The St. John's Wood, the Berkeley Square, the Park Lane, and the Hammersmith Road of 1926 would not recognise their namesakes of to-day. It is probable that no city in the world has done so much intensive building of high-class flats, shops, and office blocks as has London since the general strike, and the mystery is, with the continual development of the outer suburbs, how tenants are found for all of them.

But can this development go on? Is the demand for flats still exceeding the supply and the westward drift of business still filling all the new offices? Is in fact the London building boom nearing its end? One hears rumours of new blocks half-empty, of flats that have stood tenantless for a year or more, but the future plans of the big building promoters and contractors—shrewd men who do not often visit Carey Street—and the optimism of the principal estate agents do not support these rumours. Reproduced on the right-hand page is a list of new building ventures that have been embarked upon or for which plans have been passed since the beginning of the present year, the estimated cost being given where known.

This list is nothing like a complete record, as it includes only the largest ventures and no municipal provision of working-class dwellings. The great majority of these shops, flats, and offices must be let at reasonably high rentals to provide a proper return on the money invested in them, especially at a time when building costs are rising. They are being embarked upon in spite of there being a surplus to demand of the £1,000–£2,000 type of house in many of the new residential suburbs, in spite of the fact that since 1918 no fewer than 3,250,000 new houses have been built in Britain to re-house about 12,000,000 souls, or 30 per cent. of the population of England and Wales. The facts would seem to point to saturation so far as offices and middle-class flats in London are concerned, but again it must be emphasised that the men behind all this building activity are not reckless gamblers. Nor are the finance houses and insurance companies who find much of the necessary money.

Nor is this kind of development restricted to London. Taking a few big cities at random we arrive at this not by any means exhaustive list:—

Town	Description of Building	Cost £
Leeds	Block to include cinema, garage, offices, and shops	250,000
Whitley Bay	New pier and ballroom	200,000
Brighton	New hotel-hydro at Roedean	250,000
Glasgow	Empire Exhibition	10,000,000
	Hotel in Sauchiehall Street	100,000
Blackpool	New theatre and shops	200,000
Liverpool	Rebuilding scheme for the Liverpool Exchange Company	1,000,000
	Atlantic Hotel in Dale Street	500,000
Southampton	Rebuilding Polygon Hotel	150,000
Worthing	New hotel—the Grand Avenue	60,000
Manchester	Exhibition Buildings	200,000
Plymouth	Rebuilding Royal Hotel and Theatre Royal	250,000
Looe	New hotel for the G.W.R.	150,000

The striking thing about this list is the amount of capital that is being sunk in new hotels or amusement facilities, which would seem to belie the predicted coming slump.

Even if the building of smaller dwelling houses shows signs of contraction, industrial and public building continues to increase. The monthly lists of new industrial plants, or additions to existing plants, show that many industries are optimistic as to the future. £1,000,000 to build the world's largest cereal product factory on the banks of the Manchester Ship Canal; £1,291,000 for a new reservoir at Staines; a new steel works at

THE CHANGING FACE OF LONDON: Brettenham House, one of many modern blocks in the Strand area, rises majestically above the site where the new Waterloo Bridge—most discussed of enterprises—will soon be taking shape. There is much activity in this neighbourhood at the moment and in the centre can be seen the partly built tram subway

ALTERATIONS IN PARLIAMENT: Gauging up concrete in the courtyard for use in the conversion scheme which is now being carried out to provide members with increased dining-room facilities

FULL SPEED AHEAD IN WESTMINSTER: The extent of building development in the vicinity of the Abbey is extraordinary, and on this site, so completely changed in aspect, has already risen a giant block of flats (left) and a Nurses' Home for the new Westminster Hospital is also being built there. On the extreme right, dwarfed to insignificance by the towering brick structures, is the Paviors Arms public house which is to be re-constructed

Jarrow and a large new motor-body works at Birmingham; £100,000 for a new cable factory on Clydeside; a new chemical factory on a 10-acre site at Welwyn Garden City; and £200,000 on a new industrial oxygen works at Bristol.

It must also be remembered that a number of large public and Service building contracts have just been or are about to be placed. Within the past month the Royal Air Force has allocated contracts for three new aerodromes, each to cost £800,000, and contracts for seven others, totalling over £2,500,000, have been placed since January. The London County Council has placed a £670,000 contract for the superstructure of the new Waterloo Bridge. Birmingham is to spend £300,000 on the first part of a new civic centre, a new £200,000 hospital is to be built at Banstead, a £250,000 electricity headquarters at Bristol, while Edinburgh is to spend £400,000 on new Government buildings and the Lancashire County Hospital Board £1,245,000 on a mental hospital. In addition, the London Passenger Transport Board is to spend in all £14,500,000 on the new East End tube, and there is the probable rebuilding of St. George's Hospital which will cost in the neighbourhood of £1,000,000.

At a very conservative estimate, the amount of building construction of various kinds planned or commenced in Britain at the present time must total close on £80,000,000 in value. This is after a nineteen-year period of the most intensive housing construction this country has ever known. If one may express a purely personal and disinterested opinion, there is every likelihood of there being an over-production of flats, shops, and offices, at any rate in Central and North-West London, within the next twelve months.

J. Baker White

On right—

THE RESTORATION OF STAPLE INN, that wonderful timbered building in Holborn, is half completed and the scaffolding from one section has been removed to reveal the familiar façade

MANHATTAN MANNER: The sky-scraping central tower of London University's new £3,000,000 headquarters will not be occupied in its upper storeys when completed, as it rises above the limit set by the London County Council. None of the storeys above the seventh will have floors. The tendency to build higher in London has become increasingly apparent of recent years, especially in the area flanking the river

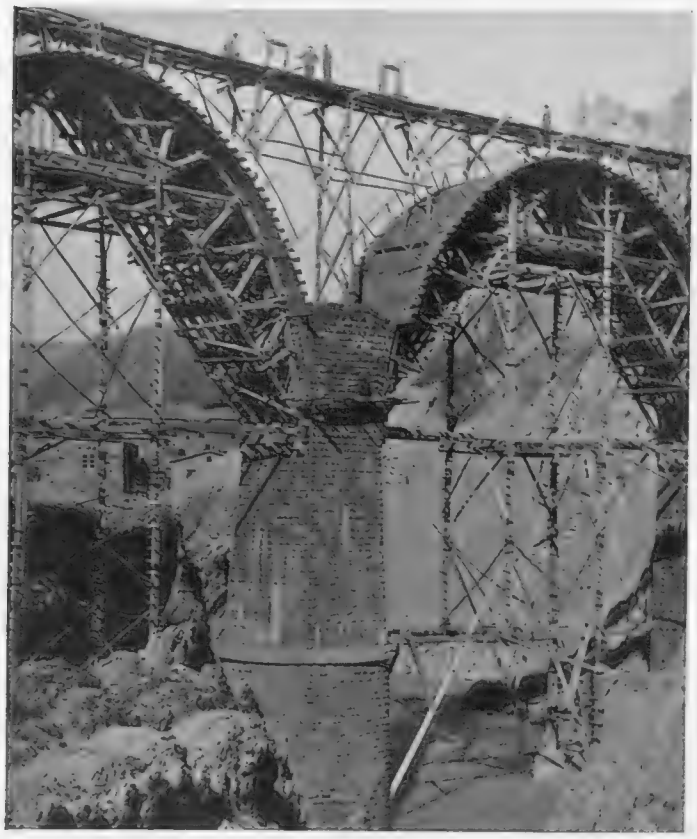
NEW BUILDING VENTURES

This List Includes some of the major London Building Enterprises now in Hand or for which Plans have been Passed

District	*Description of Building*	*Cost* £
Oxford Street	Shop premises on site occupied by Selfridge and Co., Ltd.	250,000
Hanwell	276 new flats in Drayton Bridge Road	—
Clapham Junct'n	New cinema	100,000
Park Lane	Luxury flats, Seamore Place	
Westminster	Large block of offices in Marsham Street	—
Edgware Road	Large new block, Royal Park House, to include flats, shops, and cinema	—
Rich'd-on-Th'm's	Block of 250 flats and 50 garages	—
St. John's Wood	Block of flats, Albert Road	150,000
Hendon	Cinemas and shops in Parsons Street	100,000
Bayswater	Block of shops and flats in Eastbourne Terrace	500,000
Millbank	Headquarters building for the Civil Service Clerical Association to provide over 1,000 flats	600,000
Piccadilly	Block of shops and offices	100,000
Wimpole Street	Block of offices and shops	250,000
Hampstead	Block of 300 flats on Haverstock Hill	—
Romford	Cinema and ballroom	100,000
Barnes	Flats in Lower Richmond Road	84,000
Bayswater	Block of flats in Porchester Gate	200,000
Portland Place	Block of flats	150,000
S.E. London	Shakespeare Memorial Scheme, to include New Globe Theatre and Mermaid Inn	250,000
Coventry Street	Rebuilding Prince of Wales's Theatre	350,000
Acton	250 new flats in the Vale	—
Berkeley Square	Block of offices on a 2-acre site	—

BY TRAIN *from the* PERSIAN GULF *to the* CASPIAN SEA

A Dream that Will Soon Become a Reality when the Trans-Iranian Railroad Is Finally Brought to Completion: Engineers Battle Against Difficulties



SPANNING A MOUNTAIN TORRENT: One of the great viaducts in course of construction on an uncompleted section of the Trans-Iran railroad, a system that will eventually link the Persian Gulf with the Caspian and contribute in large measure to Iran's prosperity

A RESIDENT ENGINEER, in charge of one of the 15-mile track-laying sections, at work in his office

THE LINE WILL PASS THROUGH THIS GORGE which, before the coming of the engineers, it is believed that no man had ever penetrated. 450 workmen have lost their lives there

RAILWAY MOUNTAINEERING: An overhead view showing the entrance and exit of one of the 150 tunnels that are having to be constructed on this line from the Caspian to the Persian Gulf. When trains start operating on this route they will have some stiff climbing to do, circling many thousands of feet up to the passes and then down again on the other side

WHERE DANGER LURKS: *Left*—Engineers crossing a river by aerial ropeway on the site of a new section of the line and (*right*) a gorge through which the track is being taken, tons of rock having been blasted from one of the almost perpendicular cliffs to allow the necessary room. Seldom in the history of railway engineering have harder problems had to be solved

THEY WILL ALL BE ALIKE: This is the "standard station" which is being erected at every proposed stopping place on the railway. Though the design will be the same the buildings will vary in size according to the importance of the towns through which the line will pass

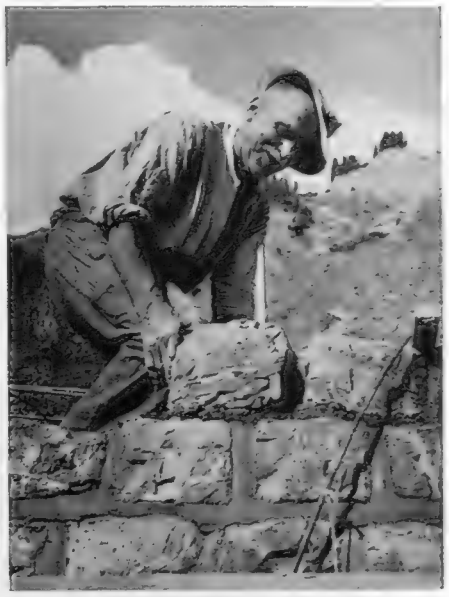
IRAN, most unobtrusively progressive and enlightened nation of the near East, is proceeding apace with her great railway project and in less than two years from now Reza Shah's dream of linking the Caspian to the Persian Gulf will have become a wonderful reality. It is an immense project this, the building of 1,000 miles of track through mountainous country with deep gorges and rushing torrents on every hand to add to the multiplicity of problems facing the European engineers. Tunnels, suspension bridges, and viaducts are having to be constructed along the greater part of the route, and it is estimated that at least 50,000 men are being kept permanently employed in the task of construction, which has already cost in the neighbourhood of £10,000,000, and will cost considerably more than that before all is complete in the spring of 1939. It will be a fascinating journey from sea to sea, worthy to rank in the realm of train travel with the crossing of the Rockies in Canada, the Sierra Nevada in the U.S., or the Hex River Mountains en route from Cape Town to the north

FIGHTING THE DREADED AVALANCHE

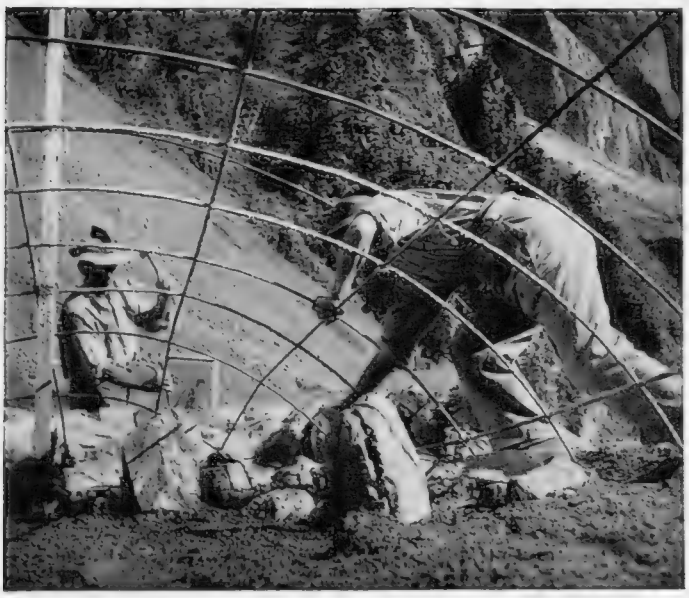
Switzerland's Unceasing Efforts to hold in Check the Annihilating Snows

NATURE'S AID ENLISTED AGAINST NATURE: It is a well-known fact that avalanches occur where trees and shrubs are scarce, the snow having nothing on which to maintain a hold. So in such places Swiss local authorities are, as depicted here, planting grey alder bushes which have the merits of being fast growing and of obtaining firm root in a very short time. This method is only on trial

THE ROOTS OF THE GREY ALDER, the bush that is now being planted so largely on Swiss mountain slopes to check the avalanches, are dipped in a special clay solution before being placed in the ground. This protects the young plants, preventing them from drying up in the summer sun



"EACH STONE MAY MEAN A LIFE SAVED": This must be the thought of the mason as he builds the solid barrier wall to hold up the advance of the avalanches which descend so swiftly upon Switzerland's villages, destroying everything that may chance to lie along their path



REINFORCEMENT FOR THE AVALANCHE BARRIER WALLS, now being erected by a wise Government in many parts of Switzerland, is provided by this steel network round which the masonry is built. Only in this way is it possible to ensure that the walls will stand up to the enormous pressure which sooner or later will be placed upon them

DEFYING THE WAYWARD SNOWS: A giant reinforced stone wall rising on the lower slopes of a mountain and protecting the houses and villages in the valley below. When it is finished the people will be able to pass the winter secure in the knowledge that no avalanche is likely to annihilate them with its swift violence. There are many places in Switzerland that have as yet to be protected. *On left*—A barrier in the early stages of construction

SWITZERLAND has two distinct methods of providing protection against avalanches, both of which are depicted on this page. Barrier walls on the lower slopes are, of course, an obvious solution, but owing to their costly nature experiments are now being tried on the upper slopes of certain mountains where quick growing alder bushes are being planted, the intention being that they shall provide something firm on which the shifting snow may gain a grip

DWELLING IN EVER PRESENT DANGER: It is easy to understand how a village such as this, lying on the lower slopes of a mountain, could be overwhelmed in a few seconds by one of the larger avalanches that tear down so relentlessly with the coming of spring. To protect the inhabitants is an expensive matter but large sums are expended from year to year on the work

"HOPPING" TIME IN THE SOUTH COUNTRY

TASTING THE JOYS OF THE OPEN AIR: These folk, hailing no doubt from London's thronged East End, revel in every minute of their annual holiday in the hop gardens of Paddock Wood, Kent, for most of them have few opportunities of going to the country at other times of the year. While the youngsters look on or, if they are old enough, lend a helping hand, their parents busy themselves gathering in the crop and by all accounts, they have plenty to do this year, for the hops are abundant and in good condition. A fairly experienced picker can usually earn as much as 6s. a day

MANY HANDS: A family party hard at work dealing with the crop in the gardens at Paddock Wood where Whitbread's, the London brewers, have an extensive estate. It is a tiring job, this hop-picking, but the people enjoy the experience, constituting, as it does, such a change from the normal tenor of their lives. There is plenty of fun in the camps, too, and hardly an evening passes without a sing-song to enliven the proceedings

GETTING READY FOR THE GRAND PARADE AT PADDOCK WOOD: Mothers and their offspring (numbered for the occasion) who took part in the Baby Show held at the Kentish "hopping" centre by the local nursing association and opened by Lady Edward Campbell, wife of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health. Prizes were awarded and some 2,000 certificates issued to parents whose children showed evidence of being well cared for

THE MINISTER OF HEALTH TOURS THE GARDENS: Sir Kingsley Wood pictured during his visit to one of the Hampshire "hopping" centres where he saw at first hand the nature of the arrangements made for the comfort of the pickers. There is little doubt that he came away duly impressed

CASUALTY STATION: A Red Cross nurse engaged in bandaging the hand of a young hop picker who had met with an accident. In all the hop gardens first aid facilities are available at a moment's notice, ready to deal with the cases that are bound to crop up among such large colonies of people

FLAX, TOBACCO, and CORN-ON-THE-COB

Are Among the Unusual Crops Now Being Harvested in the English Countryside

A NEW INDUSTRY IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE: *Above*—Reaping flax at Welby, near Wellingborough, where a successful crop has been obtained this year and hopes are high that even more acres will be given over to it in time to come, thus helping to eliminate the enormous foreign purchases that have to be made to meet the raw material needs of the linen industry. *Right*—One of the initial stages in the preparation of flax for marketing is known as "retting," workmen spreading out the crop to ferment under the action of rain and sun. The late King George V was keenly interested in flax growing, and industrialists remember with gratitude his pioneer work at Sandringham where much valuable data was obtained in a series of carefully planned experiments

HARVEST TIME IN HAMPSHIRE: Gathering the tobacco crop on a farm at Church Crookham where Turkish leaf is being grown. British produced tobacco has never found much favour with the public, but the very fact that the plants can be brought to maturity in this particular county speaks well for its climate

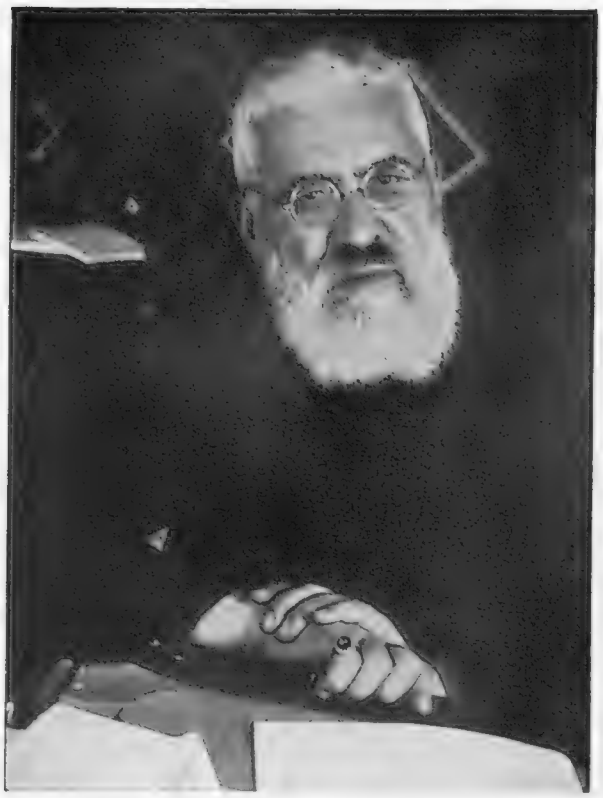
Turkish Leaf From British Fields

ON THE WAY TO THE DRYING SHEDS: The farm cart returns with a full load of leaves during the harvesting of the tobacco crop at Church Crookham, Hampshire. The quality of the leaf depends upon a host of factors, but most important of all is the soil which has a marked effect upon the flavour no matter how good the plant

MAIZE FLOURISHES IN SUFFOLK: Harvest time scenes in the fields at Woodbridge where corn-on-the-cob, that most popular of cereals in South Africa and the United States, is now being grown in commercial quantities and marketed with some success. A little more sun this year and the crop would have been really first class, the corn always ripening to a rich gold if the last weeks of August and the first weeks of September prove sufficiently warm

THE GRIM POVERTY OF ARMENIA'S EXILES

The Once Persecuted Christian People Who Have Made Their Homes on Syria's Desola'e Plains and are now Eking Out a Bare Livelihood



SPIRITUAL LEADER OF A HOMELESS PEOPLE: Monseigneur Yepremé, the head of the Armenian Church, a Christian faith slightly resembling the Greek Church in doctrine but having an individuality all its own. It is this religion that has sustained the Armenians through the years of exile

WHERE THE EXILES WORSHIP: The altar in a church in one of the Syrian settlements. It is a crude leaky wooden building, though wonderful compared with the hovels in which the people have to live. The Armenians would like to set up a stone church, but such a project is far beyond their very meagre resources at the moment

HER HOME FROM HOME: An Armenian woman spinning on the balcony of the rough wooden dwelling where she has lived since the day she made her escape from the Turks

BEARING THE BURDEN OF POVERTY: Three striking types among the Armenian exiles who to-day eke out a poor existence in settlements on the Syrian plains, far from their homeland and the scene of the terrible massacres engineered during the great war by the Turkish over-lords and their co-religionists and allies the Tartars. Two decades have passed since they fled, but their lot remains a pitiable one, living as they do desperately near the starvation line. The older of the two women depicted here is Marta Basmadjian, wife of a wealthy merchant from Diarbekir who was killed in 1915

THEIR SAVIOUR: The Swiss missionary Jacob Kunzler, who rescued no fewer than 40,000 women and children during the massacre of 1915 and took them in safety to Syria, pictured on a visit to one of the Armenian settlements where he is always accorded a joyfully enthusiastic welcome

THESE LOWLY HOVELS in a Syrian settlement house Armenians who were once well-to-do members of the merchant and professional classes. Now they live constantly on the border-line of starvation

THE saddest chapter of modern history has not yet been completed. For twenty years a homeless people have wandered in the deserts of the East.

Depleted by hunger and the thrust of Turkish knives, almost without hope but with admirable courage they carry the burden of poverty on their way.

Twenty-five years ago the Armenians numbered 2,000,000 and were the best handicraftsmen and merchants in Turkey, where they lived. Then the world war came and the Armenians became the target of political demagogy and the demagogues did not have great difficulty in awakening in the Turkish people a wild and indiscriminate hatred against the Armenians. When it was obvious that the war was lost the hatred became frenzy and resulted in a blood-bath unique in human history. 1,700,000 Armenians were killed and only 300,000 mostly women and children, escaped death. They fled into the Syrian desert, into the mountains of Kurdistan, and to Mesopotamia. European and American missionaries, led by the Swiss, Jacob Kunzler, looked after the homeless.

They helped where they could and appealed to the conscience of mankind, to politicians, and the League of Nations.

Slowly their misery has decreased. To-day, twenty years after the terrible massacre, the miserable huts in the Syrian deserts and on the heights of Lebanon are still standing.

Hundreds of thousands of orphans have grown up and they work day and night. About 30,000 craftsmen have found work again and begging is frowned on most severely. "Work at any cost" is their motto, which makes them unpopular with the natives. What the Syrian will do for five piastres the Armenian will do for three, and this competition is the cause of fresh hatred against the Armenians, who seem doomed to homelessness and hatred.

They know that they are surplus and unwanted and they fear they will be driven out of their miserable huts one day.

Their only consolation is their trust in God. Silently they carry their cross and hope that one day the Christian world will give them a "little fatherland."

PARIS CREATES CHARM

The Winter Collections are Full of Clothes that Men will Like. But They are Going to Cost Big Money

Ribbon Trimmings

Afternoon dresses, mostly subtle and indescribable, do everything to suggest feminine allure. Here Marcel Rochas does an elaborate low neck linking it together with rose-coloured velvet ribbons. The dress is of black crepe and the link motif is repeated on the sleeves

Boleros are important. Both Chanel and Patou do them in clipped ostrich, in fabric, and in fur, and in the picture below is Lucile Paray's bolero jacket of black seal, the sleeves slashed to reveal bands of gold lame. There is a general feeling for touches of colour with all furs

Built-up Bodices

From shoulders to hips coats and suits are elaborately trimmed with pockets, with plastrons, or bands of fur, with striped insets, and with vivid embroideries. Here is a fur-fronted jacket with cartridge-pleated motif. The Violette Marsan hat is of black velvet with an engaging one-sided net

Are shorter evening dresses coming in? Molyneux and Mainbocher are making them, and below you can see Patou's black net frock, very full and lifted high across the front, with a black slipper satin bodice to give it sophistication. There are many bouffant net dresses, romantic and alluring

Silk Tailleurs

Suits are daytime news. There are fewer of them by night, but to make up for that they are lavishly fur-trimmed by day, and for all formal occasions achieve heights of luxury. But not everybody wants to swathe herself in fox, so Creed does simple suits in silk and velvet, like the one above. Here the jacket is of black Lyon velvet, and the skirt and topcoat are of silk rep. The Rose Valois hat has a circular veil bunched at the back.

Slashed Furs

ON STAGE AND SCREEN

John Gielgud Presents a Complete Portrait of a Most Incomplete King : Gordon Harker Supplies a Good Leavening of Comic Relief in "The Phantom Light" : Dodie Smith's Latest

Reviewed by Philip Page

COMMÈRE AT THE TROCADERO ! Miss Sheila Douglas-Pennant, nineteen-year old daughter of the Captain of H.M.S. *Iron Duke* and niece of the Speaker of the House of Commons, introduces the cabaret turns with patter of her own composition. She is also an accomplished singer and dancer

MR. JOHN GIELGUD, having elected to begin his career as an actor-manager with *Richard II*, is to be congratulated on several things, not the least of them being that he has not meddled with the play. Not only have modern producers been guilty of this. As far back as 1681 the piece was given in London with an entirely fresh *locale* and labelled *The Sicilian Usurper*. In 1815 at Drury Lane Edmund Kean and Elliston departed from both Shakespeare and history and arranged a happy ending, in which Richard escaped from prison, confounded his enemies, frustrated their knavish tricks, and lived happily ever after. This, it was said at the time, was done to please George III, who was contemplating a visit and who, it was alleged, would have preferred it that way.

Mr. Gielgud played Richard, the non-lion-heart, at the Old Vic some years ago. Naturally enough, his interpretation at the Queen's Theatre has developed and it is now a complete portrait of a most incomplete king. In diction it is admirable and its charm is unfailing. I doubt the authenticity of that rather petulant effeminacy in the earlier scenes; Richard was a weak king, but history tells us that he did not lack personal courage, since, it may be remembered, he rode out alone to meet a raging mob of the Bolshevists of the period when Wat Tyler's rebellion was in full swing. But that is only a matter of opinion, and effeminacy, real or apparent, has been known to be linked with a high degree of pluck, albeit rarely.

In the tragic closing scenes Mr. Gielgud dropped his petulance and took on a tragic dignity which gave some nobility to a most ignoble monarch. Probably no king, certainly no king in the pages of Shakespeare, had such splendid things to say about "that divinity which doth hedge a king" and failed so lamentably to live up to them.

Richard has to be depicted as surrounded, for the most part, either with heavy men in clanking armour who shout at him and at each other, or with those sweet gentle souls who were his intimate friends. I preferred the shouters, but performances on both sides were on a high level. Among the he-men Mr. Michael Redgrave (Bolingbroke) and Mr. Glen Byam Shaw (Mowbray) squabbled and were banished in fine resonant style. Mr. Frederick Lloyd was equally resonant and made Northumberland interesting, though startlingly modern in appearance; he seemed to have just looked in from the club to do a bit of plotting before getting into plus-fours and motoring out to Huntercombe for a round of golf. Modern, too, was Miss Peggy Ashcroft in the small part of the Queen — strange, since her Juliet was centuries distant.

Mr. Leon Quartermaine as old John of Gaunt spoke that glorious eulogy of England as well, I imagine, as it has ever been spoken and with the proper air of spontaneity; certain players of this part have been known to adopt at this point of the play an irritating "now-then-children-gather-round-and-listen" pose.

The *décor*, etc. was rich without being gaudy. But I did not like those nasty little modern camp-stools, which gave the impression of having been borrowed at the last moment from the queue outside the pit.

"The Phantom Light."

—The lighthouse, apart from its normal job of being of assistance to ships, has figured at times in semi-religious paintings and also in fiction as a romantic sort of building, if a little odd in shape, in which deeds of incredible heroism are apt to be performed in the way of "the guiding beacon," being kept going while the keeper is gravely ill, by his little daughter. Never, I believe, until the production of *The Phantom Light* at the Haymarket Theatre, has it been used as a vehicle for horror.

The horror is more intended

MOLLY JOHNSON PLAYS THE COURTESAN in *The Comedy of Errors*, Shakespeare's essay in artificial misunderstanding, which was presented last week at the Open Air Theatre. This picture was taken back-stage as Miss Johnson put the finishing touches to her make-up

than real, since Miss Evadne Price, who has many ingenious ideas, has not been able to juggle with them in sufficiently horrific fashion to induce blood to be curdled, withers to be wrung, hair to stand on end, or marrow to be frozen. Also, it was not always easy to discover precisely what her play is all about; at least the meaning of it never flashed on me so vividly as did those realistic shafts of light which illumined the auditorium.

The place was Cornwall, so of course, there were wreckers about, this time unaccompanied by Dame Ethel Smyth's music. Was the lighthouse really haunted, or was the haunting a pretence, so that fell deeds, smuggling and the rest, could proceed unchecked? If there was no real haunting, why did Mr. Ronald Simpson jibber in macabre fashion in his bunk? On the other hand, Mr. Simpson's jibberings may have been a part of the evil machinations, for he put Miss Edna Best's head in a blanket. That was a pity, for Miss Best is an actress whose performances I always enjoy.

There are so many actresses whose heads I would willingly see wrapped in a blanket after they have uttered a few sentences that this sudden gagging of Miss Best was tantalising. Then, again, there was Mr. Harry Hutchinson. No one wrapped his head up; but after a short appearance he was just allowed to vanish from the play altogether. That has been this superb actor's fate in so many plays of late that I am thinking of forming a League for the Suppression of Those who Suppress Mr. Hutchinson.

Fortunately, Mr. Gordon Harker was irrepressible. Mr. Harker has been given the largest Harker part on record and most ably supplies comic relief which is both comic and a relief. He also unravels the plot, wherein I envy him for a perspicacity I can never hope to rival.

"GREEN ROOM" AT REGENT'S PARK: A dresser making a last minute adjustment to Phyllis Neilson Terry's costume before the first performance of *The Comedy of Errors* at the Open Air Theatre

Russian Ballet Again.—Colonel de Basil is back again at Covent Garden with his troupe. Whether the people who shoot grouse and partridges and things are also the people who patronise Russian Ballet I know not. But it looks as if they might be, since the audiences last week were not of the summer-time denseness. The performances, however, are of the same degree of perfection, or near-perfection, and the catering arrangements—by no means unimportant, this—are vastly improved.

Petrouchka, which was not given last season, has been revived. Its music dates from the days when Stravinsky was a genius instead of, as now, a man of talent. Mlle Danilova, who is a genius all the time, is adorable as the female doll; yet I prefer her in classical roles, in which I follow her *arabesques* with dog-like devotion.

Prince Igor, an old favourite, was danced well. But there was no excuse for playing the prelude at a break-neck speed which killed the whole spirit of the thing and can have done no good to anyone, except, possibly, to the conductor if he wanted to catch his last bus.

FALSE FACES ARE HER FORTUNE: Margaret Severn, the American actress who has come over to England to play in a film at Denham, wearing one of the numerous masks of her own design which she wears for her repertoire of dances

"Bonnet Over the Windmill."—My admiration during the first performance of *Bonnet Over the Windmill* was divided between Miss Dodie Smith's unvarying ingenuity as a playwright and the muscular prowess of a woman in the stall in front of me. The night was not hot, and the ventilation of the New Theatre is quite adequate; yet this female Samson fanned herself with a programme from 8 o'clock to 11.6. Not for an instant did she rest. Possibly the answer to any comment would be that this is a free country (which it is not), and that fanning is not a nuisance (which it is).

Owing to this human windmill my glimpses of *Bonnet Over the Windmill*—the stage being completely obscured every other second—brought back memories of the cinema in its early days of crudity and silence, when we used to talk of the "flickers." But one was always able to gather what a "flicker" was about and so it was with Miss Smith's play. It is not, in truth, about very much; for it is this deservedly popular authoress' first attempt to depict human emotions in the Russian manner.

It need not be supposed that Miss Smith has intentionally moved one inch nearer Russia than is her cottage in Essex. Her heroine, Janet, however, is an introspective young woman, much given to self-analysis. Without boring us in the least, she is never allowed to make it quite clear that she spends a night with a dramatist in a windmill because she loves him, or because she is sorry for him, or because she thinks it will make him a better dramatist, or because it will make her a better actress.

The last act, which is the weakest of the three, is an effort to tidy the matter up—the girl is sad, for the dramatist has left her, and cups of tea from an unloved adorer and bowls of advice from a middle-aged girl friend are insufficient consolation—and leave the matter untidy. What is definite is that Miss Anne Firth succeeds in the vastly complicated job of suggesting an immature actress who, it is again suggested, is a potentially great one.

The general atmosphere is a bit Sangerish — awfully Bohemian girls and boys who are going to become famous composers, dancers, novelists, etc., romping about in a roof-garden. Miss Smith can sketch this world to a nicety and her sense of humour and of the stage make it delectable. The comedy touches evoke feminine screeches of joy. The scene which caused me most joy, though screech-less, was one between an actor-manager (brilliantly played by Mr. Cecil Parker) and his son, the latter having declared his penchant for a nit-witted blonde, realising her nit-wittery. Miss Ivy St. Helier's exquisite contribution was on familiar lines—sentimental reflections upon faded romance. Her part was played as perfectly as it was written.

AFTER DEGAS: Irina Baronova, the brilliant young ballerina, and her partner Yurek Shabelevsky resting during a morning of hard rehearsing at Covent Garden in preparation for the autumn season of ballet given by Colonel de Basil's talented company

"Carmilla."—When a "Dracula" play was produced in London a few years ago, hospital nurses were employed by the management to administer first-aid to any who might be overcome with the horror of it. Whether the nurses were ever called upon or whether their presence was just a smart piece of publicity work on the part of the management is neither here nor there. The piece, with its vampire bat theme, was unquestionably terrifying.

In *Carmilla*, at the Westminster Theatre, the same theme is employed with the small difference of sex (Carmilla is a female vampire) and the very large difference that it would not terrify a nervy child of four. If hospital nurses are to be given a job at this theatre, it will be to hand round cups of strong black coffee to keep the audience awake.

The play has been adapted by Lord Longford from a story by the late Sheridan Le Fanu. I have not read that story; but if the dialogue is anything like that of the play, it cannot be a very exciting affair. It looks as if Lord Longford has retained that dialogue, for I cannot imagine any living playwright churning out such stilted stuff, unless he did so with his tongue in his cheek. And if so, why?

The characters talk unspeakable (except, alas, that it really is spoken) nonsense at each other at unconscionable length. Half a dozen words are always used when one will do and almost every word is polysyllabic. When a man talks of making love he calls it "prosecuting my suit." The long speeches of the theatre of the 'fifties at its dullest are used throughout. Periods roll out majestically and mean almost nothing. Any suggestion of horror, any effect of the macabre are crushed beneath the weight of more ponderous and more pompous verbosity than I have heard spoken on the stage in what Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz termed "the whole course of my professional career." Indeed, I can hardly believe that either Lord Longford or Le Fanu wrote this. I suspect it to be the pure, unadulterated, and unassisted work of Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz himself.

For five minutes the thing might have had a certain archaic charm. At times the sheer incongruity of it was amusing. But such amusement soon palls, and a whole evening spent in either trying to laugh, or trying not to laugh, in the wrong places may be put down as a wasted one.

Miss Jean Anderson strove hard to pile horror on horror's head as the vampirish brunette who mauled about in sinister fashion the innocent young blonde in the person of Miss Betty Chancellor. In a better play this might have been rather unpleasant.

But whenever the *La Prisonnière* business was suggested, the scene fell to pieces and became so ludicrous that it was impossible to take it in any sort of serious spirit. After all, there is no more effective disinfectant than ineffectiveness.

There was a jolly old scene in a graveyard. Another snappy episode took place to the accompaniment of Chopin's Funeral March—the first time I had ever heard this used as incidental music in a theatre, and I hope the last. But all the coffins, and the crucifixes, and the howling dogs, and the eerie trees, and the tombstones in the moonlight, and the mourning peasants, and the nobleman's curses, and the flitting of bats, and the long-leggity beasties, and the things that went "boomp" in the night, couldn't put poor *Carmilla* together as any sort of a reasonable play for any reasonable or even unreasonable people.

"METHINKS SOME UNBORN SORROW, RIPE IN FORTUNE'S WOMB, IS COMING TOWARDS ME": The young Queen (Peggy Ashcroft) is lost in contemplation and sadness, having an intuition that evil will befall her husband during his absence at the wars in Ireland. A scene from *Richard II*, the first of the series of four plays John Gielgud is presenting during his season at the Queen's Theatre. *Richard II* is not by any means one of Shakespeare's finest works, having a number of woefully tedious passages, mingled with other dialogue that reflects the very peak of his genius

SWITZERLAND RE-DISCOVERED

Thousands of British People Flock There for the Winter Sports but, by Avoiding the Country in Summer, Fail to Perceive Many of its Most Vital Attractions

Says CHARLES GRAVES

I HAVE just returned from Switzerland, with the result that I feel greatly astonished at its comparative lack of popularity during the summer among well-to-do British visitors. I prophesy, however, a craze for Switzerland in the summer that will equal, if not surpass, that of Austria, Germany, and the South of France at the moment.

Not so many years ago Switzerland had a fine summer season. Then the winter sports became fashionable, more fashionable indeed than the summer season. This was the reverse of what has taken place in the South of France in the past few years, where the success of the summer season has exceeded that of the winter season.

And yet Switzerland is perfectly suited, or has perfectly suited herself, to a summer season as well as a winter season. It is, in fact, a dual purpose country. Those of you who have visited St. Moritz, for example, only in the winter, will readily appreciate on consideration that the nursery slopes make an ideal links, that the ice rinks are exactly right for lawn tennis courts, that the curling rinks transform themselves readily into more tennis courts, that the lake on which horse racing occurs in the winter makes an admirable place for bathing, and even that the banks of the bob run form natural hazards on the small golf course.

So it is all over Switzerland, you find sporting little links on the nursery slopes, hard tennis courts where the rinks are to be found in the winter, and swimming pools up in the woods as at Zürich.

Similarly the funicular and rack railways, primarily intended to take the skiers up to the higher slopes, enable the lazy walker in the summer-time to have an easy downhill promenade

The average person who visits Switzerland in the winter confines himself to the particular resort or village and the surrounding hamlets within a radius of five miles, which he reaches on skis. He probably travels through the night from Paris and returns in the same way. The result is that though he knows small areas, or a small area, very well indeed, he has not the slightest knowledge of Switzerland as a whole. I myself have been out to Switzerland winter after winter since before the war, and I count myself among this number.

A visit to Switzerland in the summer, particularly with a car, opens your eyes to the extraordinary versatility — if one can call it that — of this small country.

ZERMATT GUIDES REAP A POOR HARVEST IN SUMMER and most days they are to be seen lounging in the streets waiting for an opportunity of work. Compared with the winter months tourists are few and far between

In its comparatively narrow confines you find three, if not four, almost distinct races speaking five different languages. There is the Italian section by Lugano and Locarno, which is just as Italian as Como and its surroundings. You have the French sector around Lausanne, Montreux, and Geneva, which is very largely Gallic. Round Zürich you might very well be in Bavaria or Austria, and in the Grisons you have people talking Romansch, a debased form of Latin with characteristics entirely of its own—characteristics also evident among the population. Actually, the fifth language is Schweitzerdeutsch.

It is in the summer only that one discovers the adequacy of the local Swiss wines, both red and white, of which I prefer the Johannisberg and the Neuchatel. You also discover that the Swiss beef, and particularly the Swiss steak, is absolutely first class, that the grilled bacon is genuinely better than anything you can buy in England, Ireland, or Denmark, and that the smoked ham is better than the best *jambon de Parme*. In the winter one returns to lunch or dinner so famished that anything tastes good. It is only in the summer that one can appreciate the finer distinctions of what is set before one.

I must say that I have one or two minor complaints which I have mentioned to several leading Swiss hotel keepers. One of these is the psychological mistake of printing on the same menu card both one's lunch and one's dinner. I am sure few people like to know in advance on their holidays what they are going to have for dinner. It must be one of the chief charms for a wife that when she goes abroad she does not have to know exactly what she is going to eat. And incidentally the actual menu cards themselves are small and rather common, with none of the appetite-raising charm which you find on the light-hearted menu cards of the smallest French restaurants depicting rubicund chefs holding a platter of good things out for your inspection.

Lake fish never have the same flavour as those that come out of rivers, and so when in Switzerland it is always a good plan to ask for river trout rather than the *feras*.

One thing I like about Switzerland is that in most cases the hotels are owned by the manager. This is nearly always good news for the client. The best employee lacks that little touch of family and personal pride which is noticeably felt by Monsieur le Patron himself. What is more, most of the hotel proprietors have an outside interest, which makes them still more human. You will find that one is a well-known collector of china, that another plays on the Swiss national golf team, that another is an expert chamois shot, that yet another has an art gallery valued at several hundred thousand Swiss francs, that another is a politician.

Of the high lights of my fourteen hundred mile trip in Switzerland I can enumerate at least fourteen. One was visiting the Gornergrat, the highest railway station in Europe. It is over 11,000 feet above sea level and is the stepping off point for those hardy people who wish to climb the Matterhorn. The day I was there — and this is a real "believe it or not "—no fewer than forty different people were simultaneously climbing the once dreaded mountain. And it could not have been more fun, watching them through the giant telescope as if they were only a hundred yards away.

SHORN OF ITS WHITE MANTLE: In winter this is the St. Moritz bob run, throbbing with activity

WHERE RITZ WAS BORN: The birthplace of the great hotelier at Niederwald. A small, unpretentious chalet in a grass overgrown street

Another high light was undoubtedly provided at Scheidegg, which I know so well from winter sports. Less than two miles from the hotel there was a herd of over a hundred chamois grazing peaceably on the late summer grass. Better still, a steinbock lay on its side luxuriously scratching the small of its back with one long curved horn. A steinbock is a mountain goat, but of a gigantic size, being far larger than a chamois. This one was a real granddaddy, and the disdainful way in which he gazed at the funicular, grunting its way up the lower slopes, 3,000 yards away, was a perfect joy.

BACK TO NATURE is the philosophy of the Anthroposophists, a colony of idealists living on the outskirts of Basle, and they have built their concrete houses in a style intended to conform with the countryside in which they live. To judge by this picture the extent of their success is arguable

A third high light provided by wild animals was the spectacle of two marmots barely 12 yards away from us at the highest and most desolate point on the Albula Pass. I had never seen one before and had to find out later the identity of these curious furry animals with broad beaver-like tails.

Vulpera provided a fourth very vivid memory. The proprietor of the big hotel there has ten gardeners and one of the finest collections of flowering shrubs that I have ever seen. He also has a vine in full grape although the altitude is nearly 5,000 ft. above sea level. Pure white begonias are another speciality of his. The whole effect was that of an exquisite old-fashioned English garden surrounded by the high Alps.

Yes, it is a pity that readers of THE SPHERE have allowed Switzerland to be monopolised so long by escorted parties. It will provide for you admirable food, admirable wine, and admirable service. It is a country where, paradoxically enough, the barmaids—or perhaps one had better call them bar girls—come of very good family; where you need only start to look for your cigarette case before a waiter will already have struck a match, and where—perhaps most important of all—there is no such thing as a mosquito. At least, I never met one.

THE RESTAURANT RITZ AT NIEDERWALD, before which Mrs. Charles Graves is seen standing, is run by relatives of the renowned hotelier who, himself, preferred to seek his fortune elsewhere

Serenity

That your bedrooms may be always restful, tranquil, remote from the frets of every day, let your choice of furniture be thoughtful—and wise. Harrods Furniture has the material excellence, the sincerity of craftsmanship to give your bedrooms, besides an individual air, the warm serenity of true distinction.

Burr Maple Pedestal Dressing Table (4 ft. wide, with three drawers in each pedestal and centre drawer. Sunk centre surmounted by large frameless shaped mirror. £39 . 10 . 0

Strip light above mirror, £4 . 10 . 0 *extra.*

Pedestal Cupboard to match with book space and cupboard below. £9 . 12 . 6

Burr Maple Bedstead, 4 ft. 6 ins. by 6 ft. 6 ins. £18 . 7 . 6

Small Easy Chair in modern, square-weave Green Tapestry. £4 . 15 . 0

HARRODS

Harrods Ltd *London SW1*

IN A WORLD OF FANCY DRESS: Salzburg at festival time is a great place, for quite apart from the delights of its music there is the ever-present pageant of the streets, where foreign visitors, in their quaint Tyrolean costumes so eagerly bought upon arrival, mingle with the Tyroleans who, strange but true, normally wear ordinary dress. That at any rate was the conclusion of Count Ferdinand Czernin in his entertaining story of Salzburg life recently published by Peter Davies

DIRNDL AND LEDERHOSEN: This couple, like everyone else who visits the town, could not resist the Tyrolean dress. In their case it suits them to perfection, but the result is not always so charming, verging at times on the grotesque

A VISIT TO THE LOCAL SHOPS WORKS WONDERS and within forty-eight hours the sedate male and his companion are transformed. No one, seemingly, can resist this inclination to dress up in this happy-go-lucky place

CONTRASTING STYLES: *Left*—This girl, with her neatly embroidered apron, wears a simple kerchief to keep her hair in place, while the women on the right look well in the "fleck," the effective Tyrolean form of raincoat-cum-overcoat

SALZBURG AND ALL THAT!

Tyrolean Dress all the Rage Among Visitors to the Festival Town

The WORLD of BOOKS

The New Method in Detective Fiction Writing : Phil Stong Weighs In with a Tale of the Iowa Settlers

By VERNON FANE

WHAT is it that gives present-day writers of detective fiction such a poor opinion of drama? At least 80 per cent. of them, and this includes the best-sellers, treat detection as a matter for clear and passionless reasoning. That is all very well in its way, and probably very few crimes have been solved by impulses. Detectives may have their theories, and have had them since the much regretted days of Sherlock Holmes, but they went about their business with the sang-froid of men who knew that they were in deadly physical peril. The readers knew it too, and thrilled to it. Any turning might reveal a fresh murder, screams were used to underline the danger, corpses were not above falling out of secret cupboards, and a good time was had by all.

Nowadays a crook's eccentricity is rarely enough to bar him from one of the better clubs. Detectives may have a weakness for archæology or vintage port, but that is usually the extent of their emotional outlets. What I am complaining about, as I have complained many times already, is the growing gentility in a branch of fiction that is essentially roughneck. One thing upon which most people will agree is that a mystery book is apt to be dull unless a crime with which it is concerned is murder. Now murder, it is generally held, is one of the most ungentlemanly of activities, so logically in discussing it, one should not use the devices of a nineteenth-century family novel.

Blood is a concomitant of many murders, so by all means let us have blood or, if the murderer has done his work more neatly, let us at least have terror, the kind of terror at which Mr. A. E. W. Mason is such a master. Anyone who finds this violence unwelcome has only to read another book instead, but the real murder mystery fan would be undaunted and even stimulated by it. I still believe that there are many such fans.

Having expressed myself at some length (claiming the privilege not of a reviewer but of a reader) I will turn to a very recent example of the new method, Mr. H. C. Bailey's **CLUNK'S CLAIMANT** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.). In this an old man murders a woman and her baby and hides the bodies, being a keen gardener, under a clump of syringa, forsythia, and weigelia.

The murder, when you get to it, which is about twenty years after it occurred, is horrible enough, but about seven-eighths of the book is concerned not with that but in a prolonged legal squabble during which two other murders take place, but these are executed with such lack of imagination and on such colourless creatures that they fail to add one heart-beat of excitement. As far as the deduction in this book goes it is excellent, and if that were all one asked, together with a certain standard of good writing this would be an excellent book. I happen to ask for more, or did I explain that?

"Pioneers, oh pioneers!" cried Walt Whitman, and after him an overwhelming number of novelists and quasi-historians. Among their ranks is Mr. Phil Stong, who has weighed in with a story of early Iowa settlers. **BUCKSKIN BREECHES** (Arthur Barker. 7s. 6d.) begins in the Eastern States in the year 1837, and traces the story of a family who after a 400-mile trek, and endless hardships and adventure, founded a new little community in the loneliness of the Middle West.

Jesse Ellison, the father of the family and the strong character who determines its fortunes, is perhaps the best drawn figure. Margaret, his wife, and the sturdy sons and daughter conform more to pattern, but the Jesse who "understood women as well as anyone, so he could not tell where the coquette left off and the trollop began" is a genuine creation. Eli too, the seventy-year-old campaigner of the Indian Wars seems real enough and his flood of invective (for an example of which I recommend you to page 133) is quite admirable.

The Ellisons prosper slowly, and their children form in marriage new links with the new country. The Indians who were the terror and thrill of Eli's younger days become their friends and work with them, and the book closes with the promise of a new and courageous generation. Good stuff, and a book that your young son will probably enjoy more than you do.

There is no trace of pioneering or indeed any strenuous activity about Mr. Robert Henrey's book, **A CENTURY BETWEEN** (Heinemann. 15s.), although it too opens in 1837. His preoccupation is with a love story that was really lived, and which had London, Paris, and Brighton as its background.

Mr. Nathan Mayer de Rothschild, the first of the English Rothschilds, had a lovely daughter, Hannah. Hannah was musical, she painted and she enjoyed the social occasions which her family's great wealth made possible. On a visit to her aunt in Paris the Prince de Clary fell deeply in love with her and wrote to her father asking for her hand. Mr. de Rothschild, however, was adamant. Hannah should marry a Jew and never a Christian, and she was summoned back to London forthwith. The following year young Henry Fitzroy began to visit the Rothschild mansion in Piccadilly, but since he was only one of a great number of friends it was not remarked that he was falling in love. When he proposed he encountered grave opposition in both families. His own brother, Lord Southampton, was only reconciled at the thought of the fortune that such a marriage would bring with it. Hannah's father had died, but her mother and her brothers upheld his wishes and were against the marriage. Fitzroy left England with his brother for a six months tour in Europe, the idea being that this interval would prove the frivolity of his attachment. It had a very different effect and Hannah was quietly married to Fitzroy in April, 1839.

Fitzroy was a very able politician, a Cabinet Minister, and a friend of Lord Palmerston. With his brilliant career and his happy home life, for he and Hannah now had two children, Fitzroy should have been the most contented of men, but at fifteen his son, who for years had been suffering from a spinal illness, died, and Fitzroy never recovered, dying himself exactly a year later. Blanche, the daughter, grew up to be a beautiful girl with her mother's instinct for music and art. She married Sir Coutts Lindsay, and became a close friend of many of the pre-Raphaelite group. Often she would play her violin in Watt's studio, and Tennyson was one of her frequent visitors. She played an important part in the æsthetic world of that time, and was partly responsible for the founding of the famous Grosvenor Gallery, which was later to be ridiculed by Gilbert in *Patience*,

> "A pallid and thin young man—
> A haggard and lank young man,
> A greenery-yallery, Grosvenor Gallery,
> Foot-in-the-grave young man!"

Of Blanche's two daughters one, Effie, married Mr. Henrey, a clergyman whose parish was in Brentford, and it is her son who has written this book. The life of the fourth generation, which the author represents marks a big break with calm and ordered tradition. In Ireland in 1923 he was condemned to death, and saved only by the timely intervention of Mr. Winston Churchill. He travelled to Athens as a newspaper correspondent, and witnessed one of the most gruesome of the Greek revolutions. Nearly 100 years before his great-grandfather had travelled the same route, though in a more peaceful manner. Canada, New York, and South America were on his itinerary, and some of his assignments carried him into far stranger places. But the most moving, and the incident on which the book closes, is the Speaker's reception in Coronation week this year, when Mr. Henrey saw among the royalties, the bishops, and the foreign diplomats the portrait of Henry Fitzroy, his great-grandfather, "There where he would have so much liked to have lived." The story had come full circle.

BOOKS RECEIVED

PHILIP ALLAN.—MANAGED MONEY. By the Right Hon. John W. Hills. 6s. STANLEY PAUL.—THE MANSION HOUSE. By Lady Knill. Illustrated. 15s. SECKER & WARBURG.—OUT OF SIGHT: A play about Prison. By Leslie Sewell Stokes. 3s. 6d. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—QUEST FOR SHEBA. By Norman Stone Pearn and Vernon Barlow. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. WORLD'S WORK.—DEATH OF AN ELOQUENT MAN. By Charlotte Murray Russell. 7s. 6d. THE MAN BEHIND. By Anthony Dax. 7s. 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—SPA WAY ONLY. By Humfrey Jordan. 8s. 6d. METHUEN.—COMPANION INTO DORSET. By Dorothy Gardiner. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. JOHN MURRAY.—LUIGI PIRANDELLO. By Walter Starkie. 5s. RICH & COWAN.—LEAVES BEFORE THE STORM. By Ursula Bloom. 7s. 6d. SECKER.—AS YOUNG AS SOPHOCLES. By Gerald Hamilton. 10s. 6d. TUCKER SEES INDIA. By M. L. Skinner. 7s. 6d. MARTIN SECKER & WARBURG.—SUSPECT: A Play. By Edward Percy and Reginald Denham. 3s. 6d. SHIPPING NEWSPAPERS LTD.—DAWDLING THROUGH BRITAIN. By A. W. Pearse. Illustrated. 3s. WITHERBY.—COMPOSITION FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS: An Artist's Guide. By Charles Simpson, R.I. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. GROUSE LAND AND THE FRINGE OF THE MOOR. By Lieut.-Colonel Lord George Scott. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. ARROWSMITH.—AN ENGLISHMAN LOOKS AT WALES. By R. W. Thompson. Illustrated. 5s. BIG GAME IN ANTARCTICA. By Erich Dautert. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. ARTHUR BARKER.—CLEOPATRA'S NOSE. By T. B. Marle. 7s. 6d. THE ANOINTED. By Clyde Brion Davis. 7s. 6d. A. & C. BLACK.—THE MOUNTAIN SCENE. By F. S. Smythe. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. BLACKIE.—SILVER SNAFFLES. By Primrose Cumming. Illustrated. 5s. GEOFFREY BLES.—MY LIFE IN THE RUSSIAN THEATRE. By Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko. Translated by John Cournos. Illustrated. 18s. MY FATHER'S SON. By Giles Playfair. Illustrated. 10s. 6d.

This England . . .

From Bury Hill, Sussex

THERE is a peace in Sussex that no "progress" can destroy—it is too deep, too old. Does a new bungalow raise an outcry—there was once an iron-foundry where its garden grows. And how slight the sins of a rural council, to that evil administration which led Cade's desperate peasants to rebel. Does the city invade—what of sacking Norman and raping Dane? These things must come and go—the good in this England stays to ripen. So the power of fifteen horses may sweep you over the hill, but you'll slake your thirst with the same grand ale your trudging forbears did—if you call for Worthington.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

In Corded Velveteen

The loveliest Gown imaginable in soft corded Velveteen. The interesting gathered bodice with glass ball button fastening, fitted waist and full sweeping skirt make it altogether desirable. In gold, pale green, sky blue, peach, cherry red, mid green, royal blue. Sizes : S.S.W., S.W., and W. **25/-**

Lingerie—Fourth Floor.

Swan & Edgar LTD

Piccadilly Circus, W. 1. *'Phone : Regent 1616*

THE FLEET IN MINIATURE

● *Electrically propelled Models and complete set of Code Signal Flags in full Colours with instructions . . .*

Interest in our Fleet and mighty ocean Liners was never greater than it is to-day. From the designs of G. H. Davis (Special artist of "The Illustrated London News") have been produced accurate scale models of our mightiest battleship, H.M.S. *Nelson*, the latest type of cruiser, H.M.S. *Southampton*, and our greatest liner, R.M.S. *Queen Mary*. The models, electrically propelled, are offered at exceptionally low prices. Details of H.M.S. Southampton (not illustrated), length 23½". Price 30/-, (carriage Inland 1/6, Abroad 4/-).

COMMUNICATION BY FLAG SIGNALS. Included with each ship is a set of International Code Signal Flags. By learning their meaning you will not only be enabled to increase the speed of your own signalling, but will be able to decipher signals made by real ships at sea. The models can be manœuvred by hand, using small, mobile trolleys, the extra cost of which is 2/-.

Orders with remittance should be sent to (Dept.R.10) London Electrotype Agency Ltd., 23-24, Fetter Lane, E.C.4, where models can be seen.

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin

AT the PARIS Offices of "THE SKETCH," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67 Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32 Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to :—

PARIS OFFICE: 65–67 Avenue des Champs Elysées *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.

BERLIN OFFICE: Kurfürstendamm 32, *for* Germany, Scandinavia, the Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS' Reading Room in Paris

THE RHINE'S WIDE, SWIFT-FLOWING WATERS as they pass through many towered Mainz, that old German city that is so rich in medieval associations

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

THE RHINE'S SECRET

It Has Watched the Ebb and Flow of Generations and Centuries, and to Follow Its Course Is to Learn the Triumphs and Struggles of the German People

IT is always fairly easy to see how the character of a people is influenced by the particular part of the country in which they live. But how often is the opposite true? How often do you find a countryside which really reflects the aspirations and emotions of its inhabitants? Not very often: so rarely in fact that such a place, when you have found it, strikes you as somehow being outside the ordinary range of travel experience. That is the secret of the Rhine, and the traveller who is quick to catch impressions finds there not just a swiftly flowing river, some towns, some vineyards, some ruined castles, but the whole history of the German people. The Rhine has watched the ebb and flow of generations and centuries. It has seen triumphs and struggles, cruel winters and the peace of long summer days. It has known the birth of songs and legends which themselves flow like a river down the ages. It has endured the coming of the modern world, with its factory chimneys and sirens and railway lines (the Rhine maidens must have had a nasty shock the first time they saw a monster even larger than Siegfried's dragon and labelled "Rheingold Express," careering along beside the river bank) but even these things seem to have added something of their own to its embracing spirit.

There is a fascination in following the course of a great river on the map, especially if one knows most of it from actual experience. Consider the Rhine, coming down from the snows of the high Alps, a swift narrow stream, flowing between Switzerland and Austria into the eastern end of Lake Constance, and leaving again at the western end. Surprisingly few English people are familiar with this corner of South Germany though it is as charming as any, and there are some little towns (notably, for example, Stein-am-Rhein, midway between Konstanz and Schaffhausen), too unpretentious for guidebook fame, which have preserved almost intact their medieval character; the strong surrounding walls and watchtowers, the narrow streets and half-timbered houses.

Then comes Schaffhausen itself, famous for the Rhine Falls. It is more famous, perhaps, than the Falls themselves justify, in point of size, at any rate—but that is by the way. Next, Basel, where France and Germany and Switzerland all meet, and which the English Baedeker, in a moment of unwonted levity, calls "the Clapham Junction of Europe." Here the Rhine turns sharply north on its long journey to the sea. The Black Forest lies away to the right, with Karlsruhe at its northern end.

THE MAGIC BEAUTIES OF SCHÖNAU hold the traveller to the Rhineland spellbound, the little town nestling among the fir-clad hills and protected from the four winds

Now we are getting towards the very heart of Germany. The river takes on, as it were, an aspect of majesty. Tributaries one after another come to swell the flow, until just below Mannheim the Neckar meets it. It is close to this junction point that Heidelberg is situated. Every university city acquires with age a certain romantic aura. But the romance of Heidelberg is more compelling than that of most. The beech woods, the vast, mellow ruins of the castle, the multitude of flowers; spending a couple of days there one is more than liable to find oneself reflecting how pleasant it would be to be able to say, "I went to Heidelberg when I was a boy."

OLD HEIDELBERG: A scene in the university city which, with its aura of romance and mellowed walls, few travellers miss out of their itinerary during a Rhineland pilgrimage

Next comes Worms, which at some time or other has to be visited by everybody who is interested in architecture. The cathedral is one of the best examples of the Romanesque style to be found anywhere on the Continent. On more than one occasion it has narrowly escaped complete destruction, and has been frequently restored. But nothing short of complete destruction could rob it of its fine, massive character. This is also true of Speyer Cathedral, which dates from the same period (eleventh century). The gold and blue decoration of the interior of Speyer sometimes gives offence to people, who regard it as a modern innovation. In point of fact, though, the cathedrals of the Middle Ages were all brilliantly decorated inside, and Speyer is one of the few places now (in England, Ely is another) where one can get a good idea of what they must have looked like.

From Worms to Mainz is not a very long stretch, and there is the meeting place between Main and Rhine. Frankfort-on-the-Main is only an hour distant. It is a characteristic up-to-date German city, with a fine opera house and State theatre, shopping streets, public gardens, and big, open squares, in which the smart trams, small and white, continually crossing, look like very elaborate toys. In the middle of all this modernity, however, and separated from it only by an invisible barrier of time, is Frankfort's old town, famous in history as the one-time coronation place of the Holy Roman Emperors, and also as Goethe's birthplace. There is as much sightseeing to be done here as anywhere in Germany!

Mainz itself is also a good town, rich in historical associations, which include an enormous feast given there by Barbarossa in the year 1184. It enjoyed great prosperity in medieval days, until in the middle of the fifteenth century two rival archbishops fought over it, and the victor allowed himself the uneconomic satisfaction of exiling 800 of the most prominent burghers, which effectually crippled its trade.

After Mainz comes a whole string of familiar names, which evoke the affectionate feelings of all who have ever made the "Rheinreise": Bingen, Boppard, St. Goar, Coblenz, Bonn, and also the names of famous vineyards, no less pleasant to remember and now thronged with the pickers. This is the district of the famous Rhine castles; a grey ruin crowns almost every hilltop. Incidentally, an interesting example of the discomfort of the Middle Ages, for anyone who thinks he would like to go back to them, is the fact that in 1250 there were no fewer than twenty toll stations between Bingen and Cologne, now a comfortable day's steamer journey.

But the Rhine need not be seen only from the deck of a steamer. Good roads add to the satisfaction of motoring through a countryside that is hilly and wooded and fertile, and the inhabitants of which are industrious, well disposed, and honest. Boppard is the meeting place of seven valleys, and they are all worth exploring. From Bingen a very pleasant excursion is to go by boat to Assmanshausen and then to walk back over the hills by way of Rüdesheim; and that is only one amongst many.

Richard Nowell.

IN THE HEART OF THE BLACK FOREST: Triberg, with its encircling woods that encroach right upon the town, is a great centre of clock manufacture

Terms for Winter Reduced 50%

Yet in *no way* do we reduce our standards as regards comfort . . and cuisine. Here at the

HOTEL RIPOSO
BEXHILL

you will find a cheerful, homely atmosphere. Running water, central heating and telephone in every bedroom. And Bexhill itself a charming sunny winter resort. Inclusive terms 3 to 5 gns. a week according to room. For details of accommodation available write or telephone 472 to Bray Associated Hotels Ltd. Chairman R. J. Bray.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

QUIET AND QUALITY . . . Quiet in its atmosphere — exclusive, yet welcoming. Quiet in its situation—secluded, yet accessible on the crest of the cliff with magnificent views of Studland Bay. Quality in its cuisine, its cellars, and its comforts. Golf on the famous Parkstone course adjacent, or on five others close by, and a choice of restful Private Suites and Bedrooms await those who value . . . Quiet and Quality. Private Beach, Tennis, Lift, Garage for 40 cars. S. Whiston, Manager, will deal personally with your enquiries.

Telephone : CANFORD CLIFFS 797–8.
Telegrams : "Salubritas, ***Bournemouth.***"

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL

WHEN WINTER COMES

Pine-scented air to keep you free from winter ailments and to aid sleep a comfortable bed. A winter headquarters in delightful country with crackling fires in the lounges and central heating in every single room of the house. London and the coast within easy reach ; golf and plenty of amusement near by. Tempting menus, tempting inclusive terms . . . at an hotel and a home.

THE CREST HOTEL
CROWBOROUGH

"A wee bit of Scotland in Sussex"

Write for tariff to A. Eglinton Adams, Resident Proprietor, late of the Royal British Hotel, Edinburgh

In the lee of the Leas . . . in the smile of the sun. In fact a first-class situation for an Autumn holiday or Winter residence

PRINCES HOTEL, FOLKESTONE

The essential details. Rooms with private bath or suites. Lift to all floors. Central heating, Cocktail Lounge, softened water. Tennis, Squash and Badminton Courts adjoining. Golf Links 10 minutes' walk. Our cooking? Well, sampling is the only proof. Your comfort is under the personal direction of the resident proprietors. 'Phone: Folkestone 2666

. . . and now the Red House

comfortably within reach of London, comfortably out of reach of London's crowds and noise. Golf, tennis, swimming and all the joys of the country at your command . . . nights of perfect repose, days without a domestic care, ten acres of garden . . . an hotel where it is a pleasure to be "at home."

THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD

36 mins. from Waterloo. Bridge. Billiards. Write to Mrs. Prior, Resident Proprietress, or Telephone 164

The **KILLARNEY OF CORNWALL**

● A mild climate and sheltered situation, overlooking the wide estuary of the Camel make the Metropole at Padstow a favourite resort in the later months of the year. The Hotel is modern and comfortable, with hot and cold water in all bedrooms and central heating. The service is unobtrusive and efficient, the cooking very good. Golf on the St. Enodoc and Trevose Golf Courses. Public garage adjoining.

METROPOLE HOTEL Padstow

FORTFIELD HOTEL, SIDMOUTH

Fully Licensed

Overlooking Sea. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Facilities for Bathing from Hotel.

Lift
Self-contained Suites
Garage

Patronised by Royalty

R.A.C. A.A.

Telephone 39

In Quest of

Bude Offers no Artificial Bait largely on Her

BEAUTIFUL Bude makes beautiful alliteration, but it is possible that when you visit her for the first time you may think she is badly in need of "make-up." That is to say if you do as I did . . . took the wrong turning and landed outside the mortuary.

On my return visit last week I took very good care not to finish either outside or inside any such forbidding building. I made straight for something far more inviting, the Grenville Hotel, which is the principal hotel of the town. It was so designed that a great proportion of the rooms have an uninterrupted view of downs, sands, and sea.

From my balcony bedroom I watched, as I dressed for dinner, the sun reluctantly going to bed. Later, I too fell asleep to the rhythmic sound of the ceaseless surf, and in the morning I was awakened by soft sea breezes straight off the Atlantic.

The hotel was full and I cannot recollect staying at any hotel before where there were so many young people. On inquiring the why and the wherefore I learnt that it is the policy of the hotel to encourage parents to bring their children to Bude by making a reduction of 50 per cent. in the terms for children up to seven, and 33⅓ per cent. up to ten years old, providing they do not occupy separate bedrooms.

Judging from the children's appetites, I am not sure whether these concessions are profitable to the hotel, but I expect they take the long view, knowing that once the Bude habit is cultivated, they will return every year, even to the time when they bring their own children and claim the special reductions. As a result there is a happy family holiday atmosphere about the Grenville. Here you can see all the pent-up energy of weeks being worked off—everybody seemed to be carrying something prior to beginning the real business of the day. If it was not a surf board, it was a ball of wool, and something mysterious wrapped around in tissue paper. Golf clubs, tennis racquets, fishing tackle, jodhpurs, and riding crops were in great evidence for Bude has much to offer her visitors at all times of the year.

The truth of the matter is that Bude grows on one. She has natural pursuits in plenty and she has natural beauty. She asks the autumn and winter visitors to come for herself alone, and she offers no lure in the shape of municipal orchestras and so on. But as one of her local lights pointed out to me, there is never any sense at Bude of the season's being over. There are no closed hotels, no shuttered windows. Life at Bude goes on calmly, naturally . . . and beautifully.

The Grenville Hotel takes the lead in attracting winter residents. Reduced winter terms are available as low as 4 guineas a week (Christmas week

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

A good address—

In the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating, and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request.

Telephone : Sloane 4521 (10 lines).

Overlooking Rotten Row

Situated centrally in the West End, overlooking gardens, and within a few minutes of Victoria Station, Hyde Park and Piccadilly.

Cadogan Hotel *Sloane Street* LONDON

Telephone SLOANE 7141

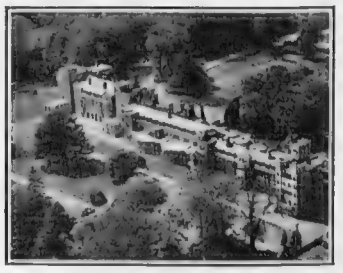
Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Private suites. Telephone in all rooms. Renowned for Cuisine and Service - - - - Wedding Receptions.

SELSDON PARK HOTEL

SANDERSTEAD SURREY

Half an hour from the City and West End, yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.

A DE LUXE HOTEL
AT MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS



FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yds.) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.
Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, open-air swimming pool, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths.
Illustrated brochure on request.

Good Hotels

by ASHLEY COURTENAY

For the Traveller, Relying Natural Beauties

excepted of course) and I can assure those who may be misled because Bude is on the so-called north coast of Cornwall, that there are few milder places which can boast of so many ultra violet rays in autumn and winter, and few hotels which offer such value for money.

The only criticism I have to make about the Grenville is that I would like to see the whole of the woodwork within "finished" in white enamel or an apple green, as the corridors tend to be dark should the sun be having an occasional half-day off, and it is most distressing for a short-sighted person like myself to discover suddenly that one is endeavouring to enter the wrong room!

But this is just a personal opinion . . . for it is the views without from the dining room and lounges which are the main attraction. Here at the Grenville is a high degree of homeliness, comfort, and general well-being, and whilst Bude itself is beautiful, it is at the Grenville that one feels the world at large is beautiful too.

From Bude I hurried on the next day to lunch at Knapp House near Westward Ho but made time somehow to turn off and see Mrs. Pennington at the Quay Hotel, Hartland Quay. Is there a wilder, lonelier, or grander spot on the coastline of England? I wonder. Quay there is none, so far as I am aware and woe betide the mariner in distress who gets near those sinister rocks and cruel seas. Approaching from the land side by car there is still the spirit of adventure in the air, but with the modern car with brakes in good condition, the descent and ascent are quite simple, and it is evident that Mrs. Pennington, or perhaps I should say the Quay Hotel, has a magnetic attraction, for over 4,500 teas were consumed there during August. For this very reason you may decide to leave Hartland severely alone during that holiday month. At other times you will never find a crowd there but rarely will you be alone for, from Easter onwards this year, there have never been fewer than twenty people staying there.

To reach Knapp House, make for Northam near Westward Ho and then turn off again to Appledore. There is not the space left to begin to attempt to describe this delightful country house which is the headquarters of the North Devon Country Club, this week.

All I will say is that if you can get anywhere else a better 3s. lunch or more inviting cakes for tea, I should like to know. They have a Swedish cook who is worth her weight in English gold.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride St., London, E.C.4*

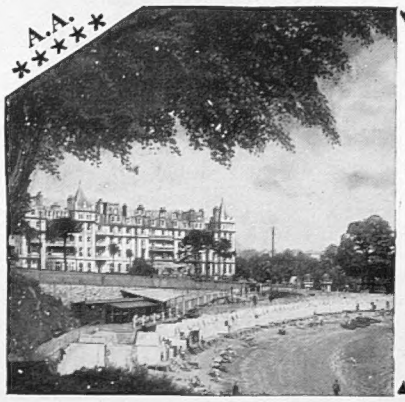
Southport in September . . .

Because there is so much to do, so much to enjoy. A choice of seven first-class golf-courses. Bathing. Boating. Fishing. Motor racing. Tennis . . . and everything at its best in late summer. There is still time for a few weeks at the

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL SOUTHPORT'S LEADING HOTEL

the congregating point of Who's Who in the North. Good food, comfort and courtesy. Dancing every Saturday night.

Write to H. Gascoigne, Managing Director, for further details. Telephones: 4131.



GRAND in name.
GRAND in position, facing the sea and on the level.
GRAND in appointments and cuisine, a five-star hotel and more.
GRAND to the smallest detail.

The GRAND, TORQUAY

Golf, Tennis, Squash—free to residents. Harry Evans and his Broadcasting Band play nightly. Tariff from B. Paul, Manager. 'Phone: 2234.

THE GARDEN HOTEL **Lincombe Hall** OF TORQUAY

TORQUAY IN SEPTEMBER!

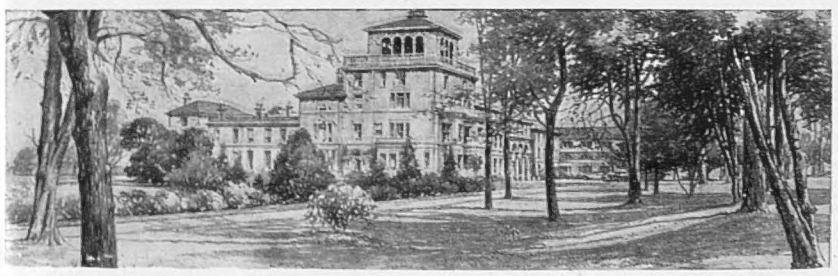
There are many Hotels in Torquay offering cheap accommodation, but if you are prepared to pay 4½ guineas and upwards (everything included), you will enjoy all the amenities of a First-Class Hotel at

LINCOMBE HALL

generally known as "The Garden Hotel of Torquay." There are 50 well appointed bedrooms—many with private bathrooms. Only five minutes walk to shopping centre. Free service hotel bus to Golf, Theatres, etc. Hard Tennis Court and many other privileges are described in the hotel brochure. Write Manager for a copy, or 'phone 2302.

Special Autumn and Winter terms for long-stay visitors.

DATLANDS PARK HOTEL WEYBRIDGE



Beautiful Park of 60 acres. Private Golf Course. Tennis, Badminton, and Squash Courts. Swimming Pool. Dancing every Saturday. All inclusive, from 5 guineas weekly.
Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. Telephone: Weybridge 1190 (six lines).

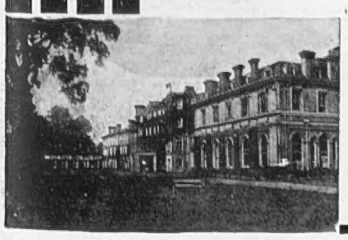
In the quiet of the Cathedral Close . . .

Visitors to the West Country in autumn should not fail to stay at the Royal Clarence—an 18th-century coaching house complete with every modern comfort. Grill room. Lift. Fully licensed. Write for brochure.

Royal Clarence Hotel
EXETER
Telephone 4071-2

And here is peace . . . .

in a sheltered park of 60 acres, a sun-trap 400 feet up, an hospitable Hotel for autumn and winter residence. London within easy reach. Sporting golf course in the grounds.



THE SPA HOTEL
ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

First-class in comfort, cooking, and service. 85 rooms and suites.

Write to S. P. HANCOCK, Director, for tariff-booklet, entitled "*And Here is Peace.*" Telephone: Tunbridge Wells 1911.

In the Cool of the Evening—A 37 minutes' non-stop train from Paddington. A two minutes' easy stroll and then

GROVE HALL, TWYFORD, Berks.

A.A. and R.A.C. appointed, with 12½ acres of shady grounds. A bath? *There's a private bath to every bedroom.* A good dinner? Most certainly. Good wines, too, if you like, for we are licensed. Afterwards, perhaps the river, 1¼ miles away, or bridge? A book? And eventually bed. Sweet, cool repose. A new wing has just been added. Inclusive terms from **4** gns. to **6** gns. a week—no more, no less—Write or telephone: Twyford 106.

COME AND SEE . . . something distinctly different. A house that is very "liveable-in." No staff, rates, or taxes to bother with; a house where you can have a room which is more of a sitting room than a bedroom . . . or a luxury suite. A telephone in every room. No extra charge for tea in bed . . . meal in your room . . . fires . . . garage.

THE RED HOUSE EGERTON ROAD **WEYBRIDGE**

SINGLE FROM 4 GNS. DOUBLE FROM 8 GNS.

Half-a-mile from Weybridge Station. St. George's Hill Golf and Tennis Clubs. *Telephone 1550*

WHEN DAYS DRAW IN

there is always a cheerful, restful, and cosy atmosphere at Southdown Hall, where you can live luxuriously from as low as 4 gns. a week. 400 ft. up, facing full South. Fully licensed. Bridge, Billiards, Ballroom. Wimbledon 0811-2.

SOUTHDOWN HALL
THE DOWNS **HOTEL** WIMBLEDON

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL JERSEY

An Autumn holiday? Our flowers, our sunshine, our bathing, and the comfort and amenities of our hotel should make St. Brelade's your choice. And for winter . . . the same equable climate, our sheltered situation, our wonderful outlook, our cooking . . . and our moderate terms make St. Brelade's the obvious haven from an English winter. Chapter and verse with pleasure from the Proprietor, A. Colley.

Telegrams: "Sheltered, Jersey."

— An hour and a half by plane from Heston —

SCOTLAND

EDINBURGH
THE ALISON HOTEL

Telephones: 31295-6 Melville Crescent *Telegrams:* "Melcrest, Edinburgh"

Centrally situated in a quiet position in the West End of the City
Modernly equipped throughout :: Electric Elevator

JAPAN STAKES ALL (Continued from page 449)

Now, are we to conclude that Japan, the hitherto unconquerable by land or sea, has at last bitten off more than she can chew? That if she persists in her present attack on China, she runs straight into clear choice between unescapable deadlock or a withdrawal that, in its abject surrender of prestige, would for ever defeat her hope and intention of being the arbiter of Asia?

By no means. Wisdom and the lessons of military history notwithstanding, it is in the highest degree improbable that China will do the wise thing—the only thing—that will defeat her adversary. Soaked in a heady modernism and in the *hubris* that comes with the possession of a large—if questionably valuable—army, it is almost a foregone conclusion that she will concentrate every man and gun to meet the intruder, thereby ensuring eventual, even if not already foreseeable, massed defeat. For the moment, she has been unexpectedly successful in her defence at Shanghai—a defence which, however essentially unimportant to the wider issue, will have stiffened her, blinded her to the only line of action that can save her, and have thrown strategic wisdom to the winds. Above all, there is that incalculably powerful consideration, "face," for which, as we know, the Chinese will surrender even life itself.

Compared with the force of two such inducements to immediate, massed, and concentrated resistance, all the strategic wisdom in the world would—to China—rank as a flip of the fingers.

But Fabius Cunctator was right; the Senate, wrong; and Hannibal won. It may well be that Japan, better versed than ourselves in the mentality of the East, and at least as appreciative of the strategic lessons of history, has staked all on a repetition of what happened in Italy 2,000 years ago. At least this much we may confidently say: that at this moment she has reached the peak-point of her age-long preparation to dominate Eastern Asia. Whether China, in the last resort, shows wisdom or unwisdom, Japan is committed. She cannot now draw back, for, as the age-old Chinese wisdom has it, "He that rides on the tiger may never dismount."

BRITISH MEN-OF-WAR IN THE CHINA SEA

(Continued from page 452)

cruiser purposes if necessary, and although she is comparatively weakly armed and is much slower than the County cruisers her design would permit her to accommodate a large number of refugees in an emergency, as would also that of the submarine depot ship *Medway*.

There are on the station five ships of the type now known as escort vessels, formerly sloops. They are not quite sisters, but are of round about 1,000 tons with a speed of 16 knots and an armament of two 4-in. or 4·7-in. guns in addition to smaller pieces. These little

CONTINUATIONS

vessels have done particularly good work in evacuating the civilians from Shanghai and are offering their comparatively young Commanding Officers a fine chance of distinction. So do the destroyers, of which there is a complete flotilla of a leader and eight ships, sisters built under the 1930 programme. They mount four 4·7-in. guns and seven smaller pieces, including the two-pounder pom-poms designed for anti-aircraft work, but which have been found ideal for police purposes.

On the rivers we maintain the biggest fleet of shallow draught gunboats of any navy as a protection against pirates, many of them powerful vessels mounting 6-in. guns, but these have not yet been brought off their normal stations, and this will probably be avoided as long as possible.

The aircraft carrier *Eagle*, laid down as a Chilean battleship, normally carries over twenty planes and has immense accommodation while the dozen odd submarines on the station are not likely to have very much opportunity, in the present phase at least.

Not all the ships of the squadron are being taken to the danger area as there is a great fear that the trouble may induce outbreaks of lawlessness, and attacks on foreign property without discrimination in other parts of China, and the Navy wants to guard against the possibility.

TERROR IN THE DEPTHS (Continued from page 454)

To-day the methods of hunting a submarine submerged have advanced to such an extent that it is possible with the latest detecting devices—which are confidential—to determine not only the track of a submarine, but its actual position. It is therefore no longer necessary for a destroyer to see a periscope, determine therefrom the course of the submarine, and steam along on that course trying to "straddle" the submarine with depth charges.

Once the position of a submarine has been discovered a destroyer steams over the spot and drops a "pattern" of depth charges. This "pattern" is diamond shaped and is formed as follows: The destroyer first drops one depth charge from her stern; then, after steaming a certain number of yards, both the depth charge howitzers are fired simultaneously; when the destroyer has steamed on the same number of yards another depth charge is dropped from the stern.

The four depth charges of the "pattern" are also "staggered" for depth—that is, they are set to explode at different depths—because the depth of the submarine which is being attacked is seldom accurately known.

To say that a submarine caught in such a "pattern" of depth charges is certain to be sunk would be too sweeping a statement. It is certain, however, that she will be damaged and that the attack will have a tremendous moral effect upon her crew.

The distance at which the explosion of a depth charge will prove effective against a submarine must, of course, remain largely a matter of theory. The effect of the explosion depends upon a number of variable factors. A depth charge gains much of its effect from the fact that the sudden increase in the pressure caused by the explosion is superimposed upon the pressure of the sea water around it and around the submarine. The sea pressure increases with the depth at the rate of rather less than ½ lb. per ft. of depth. Therefore the effectiveness of a depth charge explosion must depend upon the depth at which it is fired. The relative position of the centre of the explosion to the position and angle of the submarine also plays an important part. If one wished to split hairs, it would be true to say, also, that the salinity of the water and the height of the barometer affect the issue.

Theory has, however, been strengthened by the results of a number of experiments, and it is possible to say that the explosion of a depth charge within about 50 yards of a submarine will, at the least, "shake her up" and cause serious damage. Electric lighting circuits will be put out of action. Instruments will become useless. The fuses of electrical machinery which controls and propels the submarine will "blow." Mechanical machinery will "jamb." Rivets will "start," releasing jets of sea water into the submarine. Above all, the submarine will probably be put out of control and the nerve of her crew so shattered that their actions will be slowed down at a time when quickness is essential.

Apart from their undoubted effectiveness against submarines, depth charges have two other important points in their favour. They are cheap and they are easy and quick to produce.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The 1,100 poor boys and girls under the Society's care are being trained to take part in the battle of life. In the *Arethusa* Training Ship boys are being trained for a life at sea and enter the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. The boys in the Homes are trained for definite trades and are always employable, while the girls are trained for a domestic life. The Society is always in urgent need of funds to help carry on this great work. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Ascot.—The Berystede Hotel.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Riposo Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," West Parade.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Falmouth.—Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Hambleden.—Stag & Huntsman (Henley 4 miles).
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Wellington Hotel.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hinton (New Forest, Hants.).—East Close Htl.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Liss (Hampshire).—East Hill Country House Htl.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Padstow.—Metropole Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford.—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. Twyford 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weybridge.—The Red House.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Tempsford, Beds. (51).—The Anchor.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Grasmere.—Prince of Wales Lake Hotel. Tel. 4.
Grasmere.—Dale Lodge Hotel. Tel. 20.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner. Sloane 7111
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

SCOTLAND

Aberfeldy.—Taymouth Castle Hotel. Tel. 9.
Aberfoyle.—The Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Gullane.—Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Tel. 3.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire (Sma' Glen).—Amulree Hotel.
Perthshire.—The Royal Hotel, Tyndrum.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.

WALES

Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—Bonne Nuit Chalet Hotel.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.
Guernsey.—The Royal Hotel.

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS—ONE SHILLING

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*September* 18, 1937. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königsvil'a.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus serv. with M. Carlo & Menton. Tns., swm. pl. 15 acs. p. pk., incl. fm. 70 frs. with bth. fm. 85 frs.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rooms, 280 bathrooms. Entirely renovated 1934. Incl. fm. 65 frs. With bath fm. 80 frs. Open all year.

Monte Carlo.—The Monte Carlo Palace.—1st class, up-to-date, facing Casino, sea view, open all year. Incl. fm. 50 frs., with bath fm. 65 frs.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Parkhotel.—Pension from M. 14.

Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2.600ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from RM. 11 upwards.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl. Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM.10.50.

Cologne.—Hotel Comœdienhof.—Nr. Stn. & Cathl. New wg. Dec.'36. Rms. fr. RM.4, lav. & toil. fr. RM.6, pr. bath fr. RM.8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastrasse 11.—100 beds, all mod. comfts, garage, cen. quiet sit., a hme fr hme. Incl tms fr RM.7. Man. P. Prenzel.

Hanover.—Hotel Ernst August.—The city's most distinguished hotel of international name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pen. fr. Mks. 11.

SWITZERLAND.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

ADVERTISERS would appreciate your mentioning "THE SPHERE" when replying to their ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Challenge

The supreme test of competition is Value. In whiskies at the same price value varies in accordance with Quality. Faultless blending and superior age give one hundred per cent. value as in

HIGHLAND QUEEN

PRODUCT OF THE LARGEST INDEPENDENT DISTILLERS IN SCOTLAND

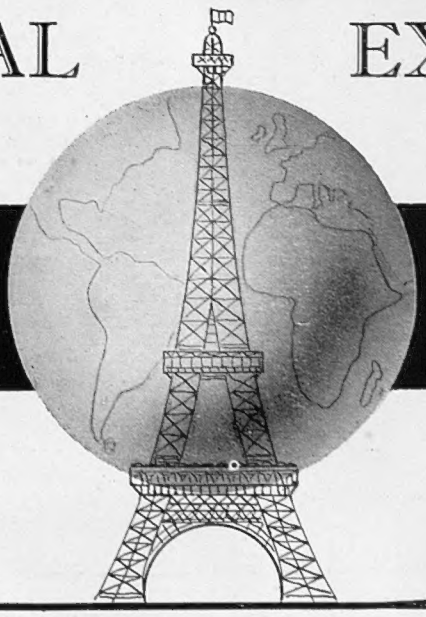
MACDONALD & MUIR LTD., Distillers, LEITH, EDINBURGH; also GLASGOW and LONDON.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION 1937

Open until November

"A mighty manifestation of nations for progress in peace."

PARIS 1937



200 Festivals—Exhibits of 42 Nations —International Musical, Theatrical, Literary and Sporting Events

For descriptive literature and information concerning special travel facilities, address:

Commissioner General, Paris International Exhibition 1937
Service de la Propagande,
7 Rue de Presbourg, Paris, France,
or FRENCH RAILWAYS, 179, PICCADILLY, LONDON

"I knew you would find Craven 'A' smoother & cooler to your throat!"

Trust Craven 'A' for smoking pleasure! They are so wonderfully smooth — mild enough to protect even the most delicate throat — yet they have a really satisfying flavour. Smoke them and enjoy their extra touch of quality.

In the 'easy-access' inner foil pack and sealed fresh in moisture-proof 'cellophane'.

10 *for* **6D.** **20** *for* **1/-** **25** *for* **1/3**

Tins:—50 for 2/6 100 for 5/-

Perfect freshness and just that *Extra touch of Quality*

Carreras Ltd.—150 Years' Reputation for Quality

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD.,